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No. 878.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1844.

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MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.—GRAND LITERARY FESTIVAL.—A GRAND LITERARY FESTIVAL of the Members of the Manchester Athenæum, with Deputations from the various Literary and Scientific Institutions in the County, will be held in the GREAT FREE TRADE HALL, PETER-STREET, MANCHESTER, on THURSDAY EVENING, October 3, 1844. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Esq. M.P., is in the Chair. The Meeting will be attended by the principal friends of Literary Institutions in the County. EDWARD WATKIN, Esq. Honorary Secretary. PETER BERYN, Esq. Secretary. Athenæum, Manchester, August 22, 1844.

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL to Mr. ROWLAND HILL, Author of the Penny Postage.—Under the Management of the City of London Mercantile and General Bank, &c. &c. The Committee engaged in this undertaking beg to intimate to the several Provincial Committees and others, who are co-operating with them, that it is their wish to close the Subscriptions early in the ensuing month of September. To those who have not yet contributed, the Committee again appeal for their subscriptions, in the confident expectation that few would wish the opportunity of retaining the author of a plan which has conferred such great social, moral, and commercial benefits on the country, to pass by without their having taken part in it. When the Collection is completed, the mode in which the amount raised is to be presented to Mr. Hill will be determined and made known to the public. Subscriptions may be sent through any of the London Banks, or remitted by Post-Office Orders, Stamps or otherwise, to the Secretary, Mr. George Wansley, Solicitor, No. 3, Lothbury, London.

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"In any case, while my poems are full of faults, —as I go forward to my critics, and confess,—they have my heart and life in them,—they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed innumerable verses to the many rejected by the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure, for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being, to which I could attain,—and as work I offer it to the public,—feeling its short-comings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration,—but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere."

We at least feel the force of this appeal; since it is borne out by the tendency of every line which Miss Barrett has ever written. Much of her verse is profoundly, some of it passionately melancholy; but it is never morbid. She thinks more of the duties than of the sufferings of genius.

"In the 'Vision of Poets,'" she says, "I have endeavoured to indicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice. In the eyes of the living generation, the poet is at once a richer and poorer man than he used to be; he wears better broad-cloth, but speaks no more oracles: and the evil of this social incrustation over a great idea, is eating deeper and more fatally into our literature, than either readers or writers may apprehend fully. I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the self-abnegation implied in it, of the great work involved in it, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called 'la patience angélique du génie;' and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge."

These are golden words; and, we may add, acted up to by her speaker as far as the fruits of her artistic life permit us to judge. Through every strife she looks forward to the reconciliation—beyond every storm, to the repose. There is no depth of the heart, according to her, which faith and knowledge cannot illumine; no agony of the affections which may not be overcome by the bravery of patience. Miss Barrett's themes may be too often sad: the natural consequence of a life which the public has been told is one of ill-health and retirement; but the tenderest spirit will arise from her book ennobled by lofty teachings, rather than wrung by "its fellowship with clay."

So much for the mind of these extraordinary volumes: now as to the manner of the authoress. Reserving, it may be for separate consideration, 'The Drama of Exile,' and 'The Vision of Poets,' (both of them confessedly mystical in

their purpose and treatment)—there appears to us a decided effort on Miss Barrett's part, since she last met her critics (vide *Ath.* No. 558), to clear her verse of the entanglements which formerly obscured some of its finest passages. 'The Romaunt of the Page,' for instance, is much simplified since we quoted it from 'Finden's Tableaux,' and now stands foremost among 'Records of Woman,' to be added to the beautiful lyrics in which Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Hemans, and many another earnest songstress, has honoured herself in her sex. 'The Lay of the Brown Rosary,' a thrilling goblin fantasy, has also, if we mistake not, been touched here and there—every touch taking off some speck or setting some grace free. But the new poems strike us as yet more emphatically betokening advance, though still the execution is not always equal to the conception. We should have liked to have robbed some of its stanzas from 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' in which Miss Barrett, for once inconsistent with her high-hearted preface, gives broad lands and a rare lady to a lowly-born man of letters, and the deep, natural, delicate passion of which swept us along like a current as we read (Heaven send it do not set many a young rhymester dreaming!)—but in preference, we will take something less transcendental; and this shall be from 'The Rhyme of the Duchess May,' a ballad with a burden, of which the following is the preamble: In the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun—

Toll slowly!
And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is music for the Dead,
When the rebecks are all done."
Six abelles 'f the kirkyard grow, on the northside in a row,—

Toll slowly!
And the shadows of their tops, rock across the little slopes
Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west, a small river runs in haste,—

Toll slowly!
And between the river flowing, and the fair green trees a growing,
Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I saw that day, up against a willow gray:—
Toll slowly!
Through the rain of willow-branches, I could see the low hill-ranges,

And the river on its way.
There I sate beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,—
Toll slowly!

While the trees' and rivers' voices flowed between the solemn noises,—
Yet death seemed more loud to me.
There, I read this ancient rhyme, while the bell did all the time

Toll slowly!
And the solemn knell fell in with the tale of life and sin,
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

Our lame prose must tell the beginning of the sad legend. Duchess May, the heiress, had been betrothed, when a child, to "Lord Leigh, the churl," son of her guardian, but refused when a woman to hold to the contract, and rode away with Sir Guy of Linteged. The churl stormed the castle only three months after her bridal—and the leaguer was maintained till there was no longer chance of keeping out the foe. But the lady, unaware of the peril, laughed at his coarse threats and menaces, and bade her bower women attire her gorgeously. The minstrel shall now take up the tale:—
O, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
Toll slowly!

On the tower the castle's lord leant in silence on his sword,
With an anguish in his breast.
With a spirit-laden weight, did he lean down passionate,—
Toll slowly!

They have almost sapped the wall,—they will enter there—
Withal,
With no knocking at the gate.

Then the sword he leant upon shivered—snapped upon the stone,—
Toll slowly!
"Sword," he thought, with inward laugh, "ill thou servest
for a staff.
When thy nobler use is done!

"Sword, thy nobler use is done!—tower is lost, and shame begun."—
Toll slowly!

"If we met them in the breach, hilt to hilt or speech to speech,
We should die there, each for one.

"If we met them at the wall, we should singly, vainly fall,—
Toll slowly!

"But if I die here alone,—then I die, who am but one,
And die nobly for them all.

"Five true friends lie for my sake—in the moat and in the brake,—
Toll slowly!

"Thirteen warriors lie at rest, with a black wound in the breast,
And none of these will wake.

"And no more of this shall be!—heart-blood weighs too heavily,—
Toll slowly!

"And I could not sleep in grave, with the faithful and the brave
Heaped around and over me.

"Since young Clare a mother hath, and young Ralph a plighted faith,—
Toll slowly!

"Since my pale young sister's cheeks blush like rose when Ronald speaks,
Though never a word she saith—

"These shall never die for me—life-blood falls too heavily:—
Toll slowly!

"And if I die here apart,—o'er my dead and silent heart
They shall pass out safe and free.

The terrible resolve is taken; the Lord of Linteged will have his steed caparisoned, and brought up to the top of the giddy tower:—
They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did wear,—
Toll slowly!

Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of the floors;
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower-chambre, did the Duchess May repair,—
Toll slowly!

"Tell me now what is your need," said the lady, "of this steed,
That ye goad him up the stair?"

Calm she stood! unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe,—
Toll slowly!

And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,
Had not time enough to go.

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope is gone like yesterday,—
Toll slowly!

"One half-hour completes the breach; and thy lord grows wild of speech.—
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

"In the east tower, high'st of all,—loud he cries for steed from stall,—
Toll slowly!

"He would ride as far," quoth he, "as for love and victory,
Though he rides the castle wall."

"And we fetch the steed from stall, up where never a hoof did fall."—
Toll slowly!

"Wifely prayer meets deathly need! may the sweet Heavens hear thee plead,
If he rides the castle wall."

Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,—
Toll slowly!

And tear after tear you heard, fall distinct as any word
Which you might be listening for.

"Get thee in, thou soft lady!—here is never a place for thee!"—
Toll slowly!

"Braid thine hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty in its moon
May find grace with Leigh of Leigh."

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady face,—
Toll slowly!

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering, seems to look
Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride, her own tears 't the stons beside,—
Toll slowly!

"Go to, faithful friends, go to!—Judge no more what ladies do,—
No, nor how their lords may ride!"

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kias and stroke:—
Toll slowly!

Soft he neighed to answer her; and then followed up the stair,
For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around,—
Toll slowly!

Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her treading,
Did he follow, meek as hound

On the east tower, high'st of all,—there, where never a hoof did fall,—

Toll slowly!

Out they swept, a vision steady,—noble steed and lovely lady.

Calm as if in bower or stall!

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently,—

Toll slowly!

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her eyes.

Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife,—and the sweet saints bless thy life!"

Toll slowly!

"In this hour, I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed—But not of my noble wife."

Quoth she, "Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun."

Toll slowly!

"But by all my womanhood,—which is proved so true and good,

I will never do this one.

"Now by womanhood's degree, and by wifehood's verity,—

Toll slowly!

"In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed, Thou hast also need of me."

"By this golden ring ye see on this lifted hand pardie,—

Toll slowly!

"If this hour, on castle wall, can be room for steed from stall,

Shall be also room for me.

"So the sweet saints with me be" (did she utter solemnly),—

Toll slowly!

"If a man, this evening, on this castle wall will ride, He shall ride the same with me."

We will go no further with this wild and sad ditty of the stormy old time. We look wistfully at 'Bertha in the Lane,' a village tragedy, which may pair off with Mr. Tennyson's 'New Year's Eve,'—but, for variety sake, shall take—

The Romance of the Swan's Nest.

So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must set its part.

WESTWOOD'S 'HEADS FROM A ROSARY.'

Little Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass:
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,—
And the smile, she softly useth,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure, chooseth,
For her future within reach!

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth... 'I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

'And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon,
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

'And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, hosed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind!
And the hoofs, along the sod,
Shall flash onward in a pleasure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

'But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face!
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

'Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low,—
With the red-roan steed auear him
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, 'Rise, and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

'Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *per* I must not say—
Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,
I will utter and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow, with to-day.'

'Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong!
To make straight distorted wills,—

And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

'Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this page,

'Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'
'And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove!
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
'If he comes to take my love.'

'Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee!
'I am a duke's eldest son!
'Thousand *se's* do call me master,—
'But, O Love, I love but thee.'

'He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds!
And, when soultied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the weeds.'

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,—
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the oiser pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow!
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
South I know not! but I know
She could show him never—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

Our extracts would be incomplete were we not to show our authoress in one of her bolder flights. We find her inspired by Schiller's *Götter Griechenlands*, to attempt a lyric in a mood opposite to that lament for Paganism. Some such task was proposed to herself by Mrs. Hemans, and partially wrought out; and those who interest themselves in the various developments of female genius, cannot do better than compare that lady's 'Antique Greek Lament,' and one or two other poems, with—

The Dead Pan.

* * * * *
Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung!
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay—
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenched locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?—
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke, would
No sob tremble through the tree?—
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden fancies
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills,
Of the everlasting hills.

Pan, Pan is dead.
O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,—
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities—
Now Pan is dead!

Jove! that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail:
While in idleness of godhead,
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?
Will they lay, for evermore, thee,
On thy dim, straight, golden bed?

Will thy queenhood all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden
Hair, all mist-like where he stands;
While the Muses hang enfolding
Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,
Niobe looked lost as thou!

Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron,
Pallas' broad blue eyes, eclipse,—
And no hero take inspiring
From the God-Greek of her lips?
'Neath her olive dast thou sit,
Mars the mighty, cursing it?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
He swoons,—bound with his own vines!
And his Maenads slowly saunter,
Heed aside, among the pines,
While they murmur dreamingly,—
'Evolve—ah—evolve—'

Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
Dull and senseless as a stone:
And old Pluto dead and silent
Is cast out into the sun-
Ceres smileth stern thereat,—
'We all now are desolate—'

Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
As thy native foam, thou art;
With the cestus long done heaving
On the white calm of thine heart!
Ai Adonis! At that shriek,
Not a tear runs down her cheek—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves, we used to know from
One another,—huddled lie,
Prone as taken in a snow-storm,
Close beside her tenderly,—
As if each had weakly tried
Once to kiss her as he died.

Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes! Time enralleth
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus,—
And the ivy blindly crawleth
Round thy brave caduceus?
Hast thou no new message for us,
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?

Nay! Pan is dead.

Crowned Cybele's great turret
Rocks and crumbles on her head:
Roar the lions of her chariot
Toward the wilderness, unfed:
Scornful children are not mute,—
'Mother, mother, walk a-foot—'
Since Pan is dead.

In the fiery-hearted centre
Of the solemn universe,
Ancient Vesta,—who could enter
To consume thee with this curse?
Drop thy grey chin on thy knee,
O thou palsied Mystery!

For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adore you,—
Ye return nor voice nor sign:
Not a votary could secure you
Even a grave for your Divine!
Not a grave, to show thereby,
Here these grey old gods do lie!

Pan, Pan is dead.

Here we must stop. We have been so often indebted to Miss Barrett's kindness, that it behooved us to prove the high opinion expressed in the outset of this article by letting her volumes speak for themselves. Though they have done this eloquently, musically, and loftily, they contain still many other voices (to speak figuratively), to which we can give no utterance. Assuredly they ought to be sought for—respectfully by men, affectionately by women; as remarkable manifestations of female power.

The Modern Syrians; or, Native Society in Damascus, Aleppo, and the Mountains of the Druses, from Notes made in those parts during the years 1841, 2, 3. By an Oriental Student. Longman & Co.

HERE is a pleasant and sensible volume, written by an active and observant traveller, to whom our readers were indebted for the papers on 'The Servians,' 'The first Steam Voyage on the Save,' and other interesting letters, which have appeared from time to time in this journal. Here are no political or religious meditations, à-la-Lamartine, nor poetical ejaculations, à-la-Chateaubriand, but a series of short sketches of

native manners, costumes, and conversations, collected during a tour in Syria, especially in the neighbourhoods of Damascus, Aleppo, and among the mountains of the Druses. The writer has done well in keeping to this distinct line of sketching, apart from all philosophizing; though Syria and Palestine, of all countries, most powerfully suggest the latter style of writing. In these once sacred regions, which have contributed such stores of truth to the progress of human society, and have retained so little for themselves,—where all kinds of dogmas have battled together, forgetful of the pacific truth revealed by the Great Teacher whose words were once uttered from the hills of Palestine,—where miserable politics and servile superstitions have taken the place of those universal rules of life, of faith, and of charity, first fully revealed in those parts of the world,—who can refrain from curious inquiries into the strange phenomena of human history? But we must not begin with philosophy, or we shall leave the company of our Oriental Student, who tells more of what he saw and heard than of what he thought. So we shall take a few passages, at random, from his sketches. Here is a little prose and no poetry about Damascus:—

"From the glowing descriptions of the cafés of Damascus, which some writers have published, I was led to expect something very different from that which actually exists. According to these gentlemen, the cafés of Damascus are superior to those of Paris. In as far as abundance of rushing water and the shade of wide-spreading trees is in hot weather infinitely more agreeable than anything that the house painter, the carver, or the gilder can produce, they are probably in the right, but nothing can be more miserably primitive than the sheds, the stools, and the mats for the accommodation of the coffee drinkers. I am sorry to dispel the illusions of philo-orientals; but on sitting at the café of the Bab-es-Salam, I have sometimes been obliged to rise and go away, in consequence of a whiff from certain accumulations which nearly bar the right of Damascus to be entitled the 'Odour of Paradise.' This occasional drawback apart, the luxuriant vegetation, the sound of falling water, and the bright colours of the dresses of the various groups of smokers and coffee drinkers, have all the force of novelty to the European traveller.

"I have already stated that the streets of Damascus have a mean appearance. They are narrow, built of mud, and, except in the principal thoroughfares, you never suppose yourself in the capital of Syria, but in a large village; besides this, the light and air are excluded by the projecting windows, which are supported by unsightly beams of wood in the rough. In addition to the crookedness of the streets, another drawback is the inequality of the width; at one place two carriages might pass each other, and fifty paces further on a single-loaded mule can with difficulty find an outlet. The pavement is also very bad; for it being sunk in the middle, the track of the horses and mules is in wet weather a pool of bespattering mud, while the foot-pavement is a sort of slough, in consequence of the mud which the rain sends down from the houses, to carry away which neither drains nor scavengers exist. Walking in the rainy weather is nearly impossible. The opulent ride on horseback, and the humbler classes, male and female, move about in pattens or in jack boots. In summer, on the other hand, one is almost choked with dust."

At Dair-el-Kamar the author called on the American Missionary. We think that his remarks respecting the question between this gentleman and Prof. Robinson should have been either more fully developed and corroborated, or altogether omitted. From the sketch of the Druses we should fear they must come under Shakespeare's strong condemnation of

The man who has no music in his soul.

"They have no taste for the fine arts, and very little for useful manufactures. I never saw any drawing or painting done by a Druse. It is said that the arabesques and mosaics in the palace of Mokhtara, the seat of the Djoubelat family, were equal to any thing of the kind in Syria; but, like the decorations

at Betedein, they were executed by artists from Damascus. Some of the tombs of their sheikhs are very curiously sculptured. Djebel Druse is certainly not the land of song; and nothing harrows up the ears like its merciless music. I do not mean to say that Arab music is in general disagreeable when one gets accustomed to it; nay, nothing can be more agreeable than to float down the Nile, when a full moon silvers the top of the palm-grove, and a chorus of boatmen tones across the waters; and there is certainly a quaint prettiness in *Douse ya Leile*, and many other airs played in large towns at the native entertainments, provided the European has been long enough in the country to get used to the style: but I never heard the song and tabor of the Druses without pain. The perfection of vocal music in Lebanon is to be throaty and nasal; and as if that were not a sufficient inversion of the European standard of excellence, that most offensive guttural, the *ghain*, which is neither more nor less than the Northumbrian burr, fills up the intervals, and acts as the vehicle of all *floritur*."

The French doctor's remark on Damascus might be a hint to some of our towns, where there is little faith in the only quotation which Pindar affords for the hydropathists and teetotallers:—

"Do I look like an invalid?" said my friend Eyoub, chuckling with good humour. Once on a time a French doctor came to Damascus to seek his fortune; when he saw the luxuriant vegetation, he said, 'This is the place for me—plenty of fever.' And then, on seeing the abundance of water, he said, 'More fever—no place like Damascus.' When he entered the town, he asked the people, 'What is this building?' 'A bath.' 'And what is that building?' 'A bath.' 'And that other building?' 'A bath.' 'Curse on the baths, they will take the bread out of my mouth,' said the doctor: 'I must seek fever practice elsewhere.' So he turned back, went out at the gate again, and hid him elsewhere."

The account of the departure of the Mecca caravan from Damascus is interesting:—

"The first complete resting-place of the caravan is Mezaireb, where the compacts are concluded with the Arabs for protection and immunity from subsequent exactions. The rest of the journey is made in the winter without difficulty. But when the revolution of the Moslem cycle brings the month of Shawal to Midsummer the fatigue is dreadful. In the day some die of strokes of the sun; in the night others, in a state of somnolence, produced by the peculiar motion of the camel, imagine themselves in the bath, and strip themselves of their clothes, which are picked up in the night by the Arabs. Three days before arrival at Medina they are met by the caravan of succour. It is beyond my province to describe the ceremonies at Mecca; suffice it to say, that the Pasha, before entering that city, takes off his Frank clothes, and dresses in the Oriental costume."

Oriental countries will be despoiled of scenes for the poet and the painter, and handed over to the caricaturist, if our "mathematical cut" is to be patronized there:—

"Of all Sultan Mahmoud's reforms, the most odious was the change from the Oriental to the European costume. This has struck me nowhere so forcibly as in Damascus. What a pleasing sensation steals over the European when first walking down the bazaars of the city. The light, softened and mellowed like that of a church-aisle, falls gently on a glittering mass of costly stuffs, flowing robes, brodered shoon, and picturesque pistols, daggers, and horse-garniture: then how completely in harmony with this rich, still life, is the stately Damascene, who sits at the farther extremity of the carpet,—how clean his turban, how graceful and decent his apparel. But what burlesque figure comes here? Whence came this mockery of a Frank air and gait? This is a Turkish Nizam soldier with a European uniform, which he no more knows how to wear than he knows how to read a European book. His coat has collected the chalk of the walls of some café, his trousers are braced outside his waistcoat, and his black leather shoes or half-boots are down at the heel, covered with filth, and sadly in want of

'The Jet and the polish, peculiarly grand,
Of famed Robert Warren of 30 the Strand.'"

The following scene is oriental and occidental too:—

"Being thirsty, we went into a café, and found that all the men round us had blue hands. One group was chatting with a Christian, who wore a Beyrout costume: these were some of the numerous dyers of the quarter, cheapening indigo that had been recently imported. The Beyrouti pretended to feel insulted at being offered so low a price. The dyer pretended to get into a passion at having his time taken up with a fruitless negotiation; and then told a most incredible falsehood, confirming it with an appalling oath. The Christian indigo-dealer, too polite to contradict the avowed, told a still more incredible counter-falsehood, and confirmed it with an oath which was still more appalling. The Jew broker exhausted the resources of his diplomacy, which was carried on by sundry whispers in the ear of his Beyrout client, mingled with telegraphing of the fingers, and several varieties of winks. His assumption of solemn impartiality with the dyers was occasionally interspersed with a bad joke, which passed unnoticed by both parties, for which he made up by laughing most loudly and unnaturally himself, displaying a pair of gums garnished with the remnants of four or five black teeth. At last the negotiation came to an end, the Jew inclosed the blue hand within the brown one, and the Christian departed, no doubt intending to sell the goods to greater advantage if he could find a purchaser before the time of delivery; and the dyer probably intending to play diamond-cut-diamond by dishonouring his bill when due, and then getting a witness to swear black white."

A few words on the climate of Damascus, and then we will pass to Aleppo:—

"The climate of Damascus may be considered moderate, for the palm of the south and the walnut of the north grow together. No winter passes without occasionally forming a cake of ice on the fountains; and in some winters snow lies on the ground for several days. The spring is delightful beyond description. When I first arrived at Damascus the leaves had scarcely budded; and I felt disappointed, for my imagination could not fill up the blanks in the landscape: but as the season advanced, and clothed the gardens with verdure and foliage, I felt constrained to admit the surpassing beauty of the environs in spring. In summer the heat during the day is usually thirty degrees of Reaumur in the shade, and twenty-five in the apartments with stone walls and fountains. The Damascenes suffer very little from the hot desert winds, as before arriving at the city they have to pass through and over many miles of thick vegetation: on the other hand, the chalky rocks in the vicinity heighten the temperature. In August, September, and the first half of October, there is miasma and much fever."

We should not choose Aleppo for a residence; and that we may keep clear of the fierce faction prevailing there, between the Shereefs and the Janissaries, we shall introduce to our readers a suburban sketch:—

"The spirit of party, if not so bloody as in Burekhardt's time, is fully as bitter. The envy and hatred of the Aleppine character is proverbial. Only two hundred miles separate Damascus from Aleppo, but these two places are as different as Vienna and Berlin. Damascus is a sort of Syrian Vienna, where the beauty of the environs, and the excellence of material life, impart epicureanism to the habits, and good-nature to the character, of the people: Aleppo, on the contrary, is a kind of Oriental Berlin; for the sterility of external nature seems to sharpen the wits of the inhabitants, but, alas! gives intensity to their egotism. Having heard so much of the Kahwet-el-Aga, or coffee-house of the Janissaries, in the suburb of Bankoosa, I one day asked my obliging cicerone to take a stroll with me through that quarter. * * Bankoosa, too, is full of movement of its own kind; the houses are rural or suburban; the bazaar is not arched, but bare poles, scantily covered with mats, keep out the summer's sun and the winter's rain. The shops are not in classes, but the butcher and the vender of drugs and perfumery are neighbours, so that the odour of rose-water is succeeded

by the smell of offal. Here is the Bedouin selling the produce of the ambulating dairies of the wastes in the large provision-markets with which the suburbs abound; and lastly (but mum's the word), negotiates the sale of the plunder of the lately-robbed caravan. But look to the crown of the causeway; there goes the ma'ater or blackguard. You are sure he is a Janissary: his apparel is shabby, but his pistols and hanger are good. He pays court to none of the Effendis, but is 'Hail, fellow! well met!' with all the disorderly characters from Orly to Bab-el-Nasr. 'Well, here we are at the famed Kahwet-el-Aga,' said my friend. 'Where?' said I, eagerly turning round, and straining my eyes to catch a sight of this celebrated political coffee-house, which I had calculated on comparing to some rendezvous of intriguers in the old Palais Royal. I followed with my eye the direction pointed by his finger, and saw a building which had the air of the ruined outhouse of a brewery, in front of which ten or twelve common-looking men were smoking narghîles. 'Is this our coffee-house?' said I, quite chop-fallen. 'Why, to be sure. Did you think you were going to the Bab-es-Selam at Damascus?' 'Well,' thought I, 'enough of political coffee-houses in Aleppo!'

Dr. Bowring has recommended Aleppo as "by far the most important of all the interior Syrian dépôts" for trade:—

"The principal trade in Aleppo is the importation of British manufactures to the amount of about 5,000 bales a-year. The trade in colonial merchandise used to be in the hands of the French. In 1836 the importations from Britain were one-fourth less than those from France; they were in 1843 quadruple the French importations: the same with coffee and other colonials. Cloth is the principal article in which England yields the palm to her competitor, commerce having in this respect experienced an extraordinary revolution; for, as above stated, cloth used to be the staple article of the English trade for two centuries. But now that the general manufacturing capacities of England have received an unparalleled extension, we are outstripped by the French in this article, for nearly all the foreign cloth used comes from Marseilles; from England, little or none. The worst feature of the Aleppo trade, and that of Syria generally, is the want of exports: the silk of Antioch is all long reel, the cotton is good only for candle-wicks, the wools of the Taurus and the Desert, although of good quality, are, from their being dirty and unwashed, badly adapted to the English market. Thus, although the Pashalic of Aleppo and the surrounding districts produce in abundance the raw materials of the staple manufactures of Great Britain, from the want of skill and capital, caused by a want of security, their English imports are paid almost exclusively in specie and bullion; while France and Italy, enabled by vicinity of position and consequent low freights to take off the coarse cotton and the unwashed wool of Syria, have lost ground in the import trade. The result of all this is, that the exchanges have been thrown into the greatest disorder; there is a perpetual drain of specie and bullion, and monies are yearly rising, in spite of all the efforts of government to keep them down.

The writer appends to his sketches from personal observation, an account of the religion of the Druses, chiefly compiled from Sylvester de Sacy. It seems to be, like most oriental superstitions, exactly the reverse of what a religion should be, a compound of absurd traditions, with no guidance to a reasonable life, either here or hereafter. The reflection generally awakened by accounts of the Eastern people and their usages is, that for ages, amid all the diversities of their traditions and creeds, they have neglected the practical duties of life, of improving their towns, their agriculture, and their habits. Creeds which favour no improvement here, which do not so much as teach their adherents how to shun the plague by keeping their dwellings clean, will never, as mere creeds, secure for them an entrance into Paradise.

Thoughts on the Points at issue between the Established Church and the National Board of Education in Ireland. By the Rev. H. Woodward, A.M. Duncan & Malcolm.

THIS is a pamphlet too remarkable to be slightly passed over; it is a candid examination of the points at issue between the National Board of Education and the Established Church of Ireland, written by a clergyman who has long been regarded as one of the most eminent of the Evangelical party in Ireland, and who, from the circumstances of his age, his position, and still more his character, cannot be suspected of courting promotion. He sets forth as his deliberate opinion:—

"I confess that, on their own avowed principles, registered in formal, written and authorised statements, and repeated and reasserted over and over again at public meetings, I cannot see what there is to prevent the members of the Church Education, the Kildare Place, and if there be any other Society of kindred views, from acting individually, and in their several locations, under the rules of the National Board."

He considers the opposition which the National Board has met, to be an attempt on the part of the clerical body to dictate to the government, and he exposes with great force and clearness the hollowness of the pretences which have been pleaded in excuse:—

"No Protestant chaplain to a gaol, or workhouse, hesitates to take his salary, because government may, in his apprehension, be wrong in employing the services of a Roman Catholic priest. The same may be said with respect to our Colonial bishops. Indeed, the principle alluded to, if fully carried out, would unhinge the whole frame-work of society. There is no telling the ramifications to which this strange misconception might not reach. Very scrupulous officers of the civil and military services might refuse their pay, because, contrary to their principles, a college had been established at Maynooth. They might inflate themselves into a kind of martyrdom for conscience sake, and say to the Government, 'Touch not the unclean thing or we can have no connexion with you. It would be owning and sanctioning you if we drew our pay—your money is infected, your Treasury is polluted, and we will have nothing to say to you. Live as we may, we will not be partakers in your sin.' Such a notion never regulated men's conduct in public life: and it would be equally preposterous in private intercourse. No sensitiveness of scruple was ever yet so morbid as to refuse the offered payment of a just debt, or the satisfaction of a rightful claim from a creditor, because he wasted the rest of his substance in riotous living."

Mr. Woodward dissects with no tender hand the assertions put forth by some of the orators of the Church Education Society respecting the anxiety of the Catholic population to have the Scriptures placed in the hands of their children. He justly asks, If such be the case, why do they not take advantage of the hour allowed for the reading of the Bible in the national schools? To the common assertion that "the priests prevent them," he at once replies that their obedience to the priest must arise from their conviction of his knowing what their religion requires better than they do themselves:—

"They think that the priests are better acquainted with this volume than they are, and are better judges of its probable effects upon their children. They leave the matter thus, quite contented that they should read it if the priest thinks fit, and just as willing that they should not read it if the priest objects. This seems to me the true solution of the matter, and to explain the meaning of that which is put forward with so much prominence, namely, that the people are willing for their children to read the Scriptures, but that their priests will not permit it. This way of putting it seems to intimate that the Roman Catholics have a [no?] will of their own, or any thing like a positive wish, on the subject. This I doubt. One might as well say that if the pilot were to ask the captain of a vessel, in a spirit of perfect obedience and ready to do precisely as he was directed,

whether to steer to the north or to the south, and that the captain were to say 'To the north,' that he (the pilot) was willing, nay, that he wished to steer to the south, but that his commander would not permit him."

He then raises the question, which the opponents of the National Board have ever been anxious to evade, "do you wish to force or bribe the Irish Catholics to act against their consciences?" The propriety of thus bribing them Mr. Woodward assures us has been discussed in his presence, and its rectitude defended by men who on other points evinced no want of sense or feeling. Against this system Mr. Woodward protests with eloquence and force of reasoning:—

"If the Roman Catholic religion be, as some would seem to argue, a system of unmingled evil; if it be an apostasy from God, and that to belong to that communion imply, at least, the imminent peril of the soul, why, in that case, one would venture to the very verge of what was absolutely unlawful, to rescue brands out of this burning. But if we take a milder view of the errors of that system; if, thankful, as we ought to be, for the free air we breathe; and sensible, as we ought to be, of our great deliverance from its servitude and bondage, we nevertheless believe that Roman Catholics may be good men, and train up their children in virtuous living and substantial piety, we feel more at liberty to canvass well the nature of the means employed in weaning them from the faith of their forefathers. Important, as it doubtless is, that they should, from an early age, know the Scripture; yet, if they may seek and find salvation in a church which restricts their use, we cannot feel justified in releasing them from that restriction at the expense of cutting that tender, sacred tie which binds the child in obedience to the parent.

'Honour thy father and thy mother,' is the language of those very Scriptures themselves; it is announced by them as the 'first commandment with promise'; that promise being the germ of all good, the early budding and incipient exercise of that principle which, fostered by the dew of Heaven, and by the gracious influences from above, will ascend 'through Nature up to Nature's God,' through earthly parents to the Eternal Father. Let there then be no tampering with filial piety; and let not those who justly blame the Romanists for omitting the second commandment in their catechisms, provoke the keen retort, that they ought to expunge the fifth commandment from the Scriptures which they teach. Nor let there be any temporal lures held out to parents to go against their consciences in sending their children to scriptural schools. Say not to them, this is a *sine qua non*; your children must read the Bible, or be denied the advantages of secular teaching; in other words, be disqualified for obtaining an honest livelihood."

The reverend author next examines, though very delicately, the expediency of inducing the Irish Catholics to renounce the authority of their pastors, if such an end could be attained. He asks the very pertinent question "what is the guidance which you propose to substitute, after having yourselves disavowed any intention of making proselytes?" It is clear, however, that Mr. Woodward had little confidence in this disavowal, often as it was repeated, for his reasoning is directed to prove that plans of proselytism based on bribery are bad in themselves, and will fail to accomplish the end proposed. The present feelings of a large body in the Irish Church are represented in the following passage:—

"Were the clergy examined, one by one, it would be found that the great majority have thought very little on the subject for themselves, and have followed the lead of a few who have been used to dictate in such matters. Many, I believe, are in their hearts inclined to give in their adhesion, but are afraid of appearing to desert their party. In short, I am convinced, that if certain names were enrolled on the side of the National Board, the main body of the clergy would declare in its favour; that is, I mean, so far as to express their willingness, now that it is established, to act under it. I suspect indeed that a movement in that direction has partially commenced, but it has been somewhat subterraneous; for many are still afraid to speak their sentiments aloud."

The allusion to "certain names" is intelligible enough; indeed, the pamphlet is virtually a protest against the petition adverse to the National Board which was presented to Parliament by the Bishop of Cashel, in the name of the clergy of his diocese.

We have read this pamphlet, but not with unmixed pleasure: its honesty and truthfulness have delighted us; its reasonings command assent; its appeals to principle and honourable feeling are irresistible. Still, we cannot help asking why these appeals were not made long before? The truths were as true and the facts as patent ten years ago as they are at this moment; the reasoning is equally applicable to the ministry of Lord Melbourne as to that of Sir Robert Peel; in point of fact, there is not a single argument in the pamphlet which was not urged in this journal when the National Board was attacked and the charge of irreligion urged against Lord Stanley and the Archbishop of Dublin. We are glad to find so able a champion on our side, but, why was he absent when the battle was hottest and the fight thickest?

Report from the Select Committee on Dog Stealing (Metropolis), together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.

"Dog-stealing Metropolis" is, we presume, the complimentary appellation which the Select Committee desire to fix upon the city of London. Their Report is a curiosity of parliamentary literature, but men so much given to dogs, cannot reasonably be expected to be proficient in more than one language (the canine). Amongst the members of the Committee, we observe the name of one of the honourable members for *Barkshire*, Lord Barrington; and from a list produced by one of the witnesses, Mr. Bishop, of "cases where money has recently been extorted from the owners of dogs, by dog-stealers and their confederates," it appears that five or six of the Committee-men are themselves smarting under the dog-stealing grievance, sighing for lost spaniels, or bereft of their bull-dogs. Hence the ardour with which this momentous inquiry seems to have been prosecuted, and hence, perhaps, the intense sympathy exhibited with the owners of pilfered pointers, and martyred King Charles's, out of doors.

The Report begins by describing the system of dog-stealing, "an organized system of theft and extortion," which is painted in hues as frightful as if it was a traitorous plot to filch the lion and unicorn from the royal arms of England. We are first informed that "the selection of the dog is made with care," that is to say, the thieves of dogs are not in the habit of stealing dogs of no value. They would be dull dogs to do so; but let the Committee proceed with their tale:—

"The dog being stolen, the person stealing it is not seen again, but another party is sent, who uses some indirect means to ascertain from the owners, that the dog is lost or stolen."

As to the vanishing of the dog-thief, there is nothing surprising in it, the system so transcends conjuring; but what do the Committee mean by the latter part of the sentence? The thief sends an accomplice to ascertain from the owner that the dog is stolen! And the accomplice uses indirect means to make the discovery! What the canine Committee means, is that a person is sent to open a communication between the owner and stealer of the dog; and this they propose to convey by saying that "a party is sent to ascertain by indirect means that the dog is lost, or stolen!" But how can men who have lost poodles be expected to express themselves intelligibly?

Griff unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or lucid periods with a bleeding heart.

The mourners proceed to tell how a sum of money is agreed on as a ransom, and then—

"As a security against detection, it is commonly arranged that the money shall be deposited at a certain time, in a certain place, which is often in some public house; and the money being deposited, the dog is left either there, or at the owner's house, who regains possession of it by these means only.—*The person at whose residence the dog is produced, is supposed to know nothing of the transaction.*"

Here is another instance of the effect of mental anguish in destroying the powers of expression. Who is it that "*supposes*" that the person referred to (the keeper of the public-house, for example,) "knows nothing of the transaction"? Not the thief, for the person is his accomplice: not the owner of the dog, for he knows perfectly well that the thief and the publican are both "in a tale." We presume the meaning of the Committee is, that the person at whose house the dog is produced, affects to know nothing of the theft, or the robber. The martyrs go on to observe—

"Such is the ordinary method of realizing a sum of money by the theft of a dog; and so effectual is it in some cases, that one witness examined before your Committee, himself a dealer in dogs, states that a little while ago, no less a sum than 14*l.* was given for the restitution of a terrier worth 5*s.*"

From this we learn that the Committee is one of dog dealers as well as of dog losers. "Your Committee, himself a dealer in dogs!" The witness cannot be intended, or the sentence would have run thus—"One witness (himself a dealer in dogs,) examined before your Committee," &c. As to the grammar of referring to a Committee as "*himself*," it is decidedly objectionable, but consistent with the grammar of the rest of the Report.

Everybody knows that there is nothing in the opinion of this country more exalted or more an object of admiration and worship than "Property." The Committee, therefore, mark their extreme reverence for the race of dogs, by proposing that the dog should be raised by act of parliament to the rank and dignity of property. The next step will be to raise altars, like the Egyptians of old, to the Trays and Towzers and the other "barking gods" of this almost idolatrous Committee.

"Your Committee, therefore, beg leave to suggest that dogs shall be declared by statute to come under the legal definition of PROPERTY; and that the stealing of dogs shall be constituted a misdemeanour."

Stealing a dog is proposed to be made as high an offence as conspiring to repeal the Union on Tara Hill. The kennel is as sacred as the throne in the eyes of dog-fancying Solons and dog-lamenting Numas.

When dogs become "property," the usual legal incidents will of course apply to them; we shall hear of dogs being devised, settled, and entailed. When we want to dock a poodle's tail, we shall see Mr. Thesiger or retain Mr. Fitzroy Kelly. Then dogs will be leased and released, bargained and sold; some will lie in livery, and others will lie in grant. A reversion will be granted of a greyhound, and it will be a question whether the possession of a pug will not confer the right of voting for the member for Berks, or a harrier give the elective franchise in Huntingdon. Dogs may at present be charged and encumbered, as we see every day in the hard cases of the dogs of green-grocers, and other victims of the truck-system. The Committee state that "dogs are subject to taxation," and it is clear they cannot complain of being taxed without being represented, for we know no interest more zealously supported in the House of Commons, of which the Report before us is sufficient proof. The system of paying restitution-money for lost dogs is plainly one of "fine and recovery," and perhaps it is

to follow the example of the Real Property Commissioners that the Dog-stealing Committee so warmly recommends that this system should be done away with.

With respect to the Penalties for dog-stealing, the Committee does not recommend a greater measure of punishment than that awarded by the existing law, except in the case of a second or third offence. To enable the reader to appreciate the humanity of the Committee, here are the terrors fulminated by existing statutes against the thieves of spaniels and lap-dogs:—

"The 7 & 8 of Geo. 4. c. 29. s. 31 and 32, provide, That if any person shall steal any dog, or shall steal any beast or bird ordinarily kept in a state of confinement, not being the subject of larceny at common law, every such offender, being convicted thereof before a Justice of the Peace, shall for the first offence forfeit and pay, over and above the value of the dog, beast, or bird, such sum of money, not exceeding 20*l.*, as to the Justice shall seem meet; and if any person so convicted shall afterwards be guilty of any of the said offences, and shall be convicted thereof in like manner, every such offender shall be committed to the common gaol or house of correction, there to be kept to hard labour for such term, not exceeding twelve calendar months, as the convicting Justice shall think fit, and if such subsequent conviction shall take place before two Justices, they may further order the offender, if a male, to be once or twice publicly or privately whipped, after the expiration of four days from the time of such conviction."

Glancing over the evidence we find some discrepancy of opinion existing as to the moral character of professional dog-stealers. The following is the evidence of a Police Commissioner:

"Are not dog stealers generally most abandoned characters? They are a peculiar class. I understand they are not thieves generally; they are not persons who would steal a watch or break into a house, generally speaking.—In many cases, are not they connected with housebreakers? No; I imagine they are very much a distinct class. I have frequently spoken to the police about it, and they tell me so. They are what they call dog-fanciers and dog stealers; a sort of half-sporting, betting characters, frequenters of race-courses and fairs, and so on.—*Chairman.* In fact, there is a genus of that description? Quite so; a peculiar class."

Dog-fancying would seem from this to be somewhat too closely allied to dog-stealing; and the kennel is obviously a dangerous school of morals. However, the Commissioner declares that the man who would steal a watch-dog would not steal a watch upon any account! Should any dog-stealer in future be charged with picking a pocket, he will of course produce Mr. Commissioner Mayne to give him a character. Another magistrate is of the same opinion—"The dog-stealers have nothing to do with the common thief." Who would apply the low epithet of thief to "a half-sporting, betting character"? Mr. Shackell, however, (what a capital name for a Bow-street officer!) gives a different account of people who live by dog-stealing. He thinks they are "*thieves in their hearts*."

"Have you known instances of parties who have been guilty of stealing dogs, who have also been engaged in offences with thieves of a more serious description?—I have; but I do not believe the generality of dog stealers in London to be thieves also. I believe they are thieves in their hearts, but I do not think they are actual thieves in anything except in stealing dogs, although I do not think they would be very particular what they did; but those going into the country, who steal pointers away from their kennel, would steal a set of harness as well."

We are disposed to concur entirely with Mr. Shackell. The distinction between "an actual thief" and one who is only "a thief in heart" is well taken. It is the difference between breaking the sixth and breaking the tenth commandment.

In the evidence of the Police Commissioner

we find the following daring plagiarism from Dogberry.—

"Do you feel objections to the interference of the police in the case of dogs being stolen?—Yes, certainly.—Will you state why you do so?—From the state of the law it almost necessarily leads them into communication with the dog stealers, which tends to the corruption perhaps of the policeman, and also to the encouragement of the dog stealer, by leading to his obtaining a reward, for the policeman can produce very little effect unless through the reward that the party is willing to give for the recovery; so that in some degree it makes him an agent, and mixes him up to some extent with the knowledge of some corrupt bargain; whether it be illegal or not, it certainly is a corrupt and mischievous bargain for the recovery of the dog."

Commissioner Dogberry observes:—

"If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be no true man, and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them the more is for your honesty."

Then when the watchman inquires—

"If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?—Dog. Truly by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled," &c.

The modern Commissioner takes the same view; communication with dog-stealers is the pitch which the police had better not touch, lest they should defile their nice hands. "Evil communication corrupts," or has a tendency to corrupt, even the "good manners" of constables, so the best thing they can do when they take a dog-thief, is to follow the advice of the commissioner of police in the city of Messina, and "let him steal himself out of their company." Would not the police have still cleaner hands and purer morals if they abstained from communication with thieves of all kinds, as well as thieves of lap-dogs?

There is very curious evidence given by Shackell on the morality of metropolitan dogs themselves. "Do you believe the majority of the dogs passing through the hands of the parties whose names you have given in to be stolen or not?" Mr. Shackell replies,—"No, many of them are honest dogs."

The honesty of these dogs might counteract the bad effects of communication with the stealers, and thus tend to remove the objections to employing the police as a dog-protective force.

But the corruptibility of dogs in general is deplorable. From the following statements it would appear that dogs are nearly as easily seduced from the path of duty as men. A dog will betray his master for a morsel of bullock's liver, just as an elector will sell his country for a five-pound note:—

"You have stated the mode which you have pursued in obtaining the restitution of stolen property. I have before me a list which you have caused to be forwarded of dog-dealers known to you. Will you describe to the Committee, as I name them, the nature of the premises, and the mode in which the trade is carried on by those parties respectively?—The dog stealers generally go two together; they have a piece of liver; they say it is merely boiled bullock's liver, which will entice or tame the wildest or savagest dog which there can be in any yard; they give it him, and take him from his chain. At other times they will go in the street with a little dog, rubbed over with some sort of stuff, and will entice valuable dogs away from the place; they watch opportunities of seeing dogs out in the street, and they get expert in it. Unless they were expert dog stealers, they could not do what they do; there is an organized gang of them; some live at Paddington, some at Hammersmith, some at Bayswater, Bethnal Green, and Spitalfields, and they meet occasionally at the different low public-houses, and communicate with each other; and if there is a dog lost or stolen it is generally known within five or six hours where that dog is, and they know almost exactly what they can get for it, so that it is a regular system of plunder."

When dogs are so demoralized and so corruptible, it is melancholy to think of the enormous

influence they exercise upon their fond owners. Mr. Bishop relates a harrowing tale of an English lady driven by the dog-stealers to bid her native land farewell:—

"Will you state those cases of cruelty?—There is one case in particular, of a lady who was living in Bolton Street, Miss Brown. It occurred that her dog was stolen by the diligent watch of the parties, from the street or from her house, and she came to me in great distress, saying that the dog had been taken away, and asked me what could best be done to get him back. I said that the best way to my knowledge was to have it advertised; but whether it was advertised or not, some one applied to her to say that they had got the dog; she was very thankful to hear it; but the question was what it would be restored for. The party said they must have as much as 6*l.* or 7*l.* or 8*l.* for it, which frightened her very much of course; she could not tell what to do; she came again to me, and I said, 'You had better leave it for the present; let it remain for a little time, and they will come to more reasonable terms.' After a little time had elapsed, one night two or three of those men were seen at the house, stating that they knew where the dog was, and that unless she gave 6*l.* on that night, their intention was then and there to cut its throat, which so alarmed her that she did not know what to do. She came in great terror to me, and thought that to have the poor dumb animal's throat cut was a very frightful affair.—Did she get the dog back?—Yes, and she paid I think about 4*l.* for it; but she was to go to a certain house to meet the parties with the dog, towards Covent Garden Market. It happened to be a very wet night, and she started about nine at night, with a party to go; she was to give the money and to have the dog restored to her at the corner of a street, which was done, and she got the dog back; however, soon after, finding that they had got so much advantage from it, they stole it again, and much about the same took place as before; they got more money from her, and since that she has left England, and I really do believe for the sake of keeping the dog; she has left the country, because she could make more of a certainty of keeping the dog in foreign parts than in England, if that was not the sole cause of her leaving; she prayed for the time to come when she might leave England, which she has done, and taken the dog with her."

Texas and the Gulf of Mexico; or, Yachting in the New World. By Mrs. Houston. 2 vols. Murray.

ON the 13th of September, in the year 1843, the schooner yacht *Dolphin*, 219 tons, drawing twelve feet water, measuring one hundred in length, commander (as, for a long time it appears) Mrs. Houston, and competently manned, spread her light wings, for one of those more sustained and daring flights which are but a recent fact in the natural history of the yacht,—took the Atlantic for her pleasure-ground, instead of the Solent sea,—sailed amid its calms like a cygnet,—rode its tempests like a halcyon,—leaped the bars of rivers like a flying-fish,—worked her way through snags and fogs and swarming steamers, like something having a charmed life,—did not shoot the rapids, apparently only because she did not come in their way,—and brought home the freight of opinions here offered to our use from the shores of the Mexican Gulf. At an advanced period of the voyage only, we find out that the lady is *not* in command of the clever little craft,—Mr. Houston making his unexpected apparition somewhere in the Mississippi, as suddenly as if he had risen out of the turbid waters of the muddy and mighty river itself,—and so, solving a problem which had kept us a little uneasy on the fair narrator's account.

An enterprising and intelligent traveller did the *Dolphin* bear abroad, in the person of Mrs. Houston,—and one having many excellent qualifications, besides, for a voyage of moral discovery. The verbal *ego* is, necessarily, in her page,—as incident to a relation in the first person; but the absence of the spirit of egotism from volumes

which record doings so adventurous on the part of a lady, is remarkable. It is owing merely to this entire good faith of the travellers, and subordination of themselves to their objects, that the name of Mr. Houston does not occur earlier in the narrative. The terrors and inconveniences of such a voyage to a lady are dashed aside, with as light a heart and sunny a temper as ever won a reader's sympathies by their sweetness. Very profound Mrs. Houston is not,—and, above all, not very logical: but her mind is active, inquiring and well-informed; and her defective logic is of singular use to her reader. Its inconsistencies are born of the weakness of her prejudices and the strength of her candour. Whatever side of any question the former may lead her to adopt, she is so anxious, under the influence of the latter, to present all the arguments which oppose it, that we are often enabled to arrive, with her premises, at conclusions differing from her own. Her mind has no inveteracy of habit; and not unfrequently her proper summing up is against the side for which she announced her intention to pass sentence. We are less indebted to her for opinions, than for contributions to the elements of opinion; and are able to work out her problems, for ourselves and in our own way,—satisfied of the honesty of her figures. Of this transparency of intention, a very agreeable and estimable part is her appreciation of accidents and her gentleness of construction. We rise from the perusal of her pages, with the somewhat elevating and refining feeling, that we have been associating with a gentleman in the best sense of the word. Her mind, by a natural affinity of its own, selects and attracts to itself whatever is good and hopeful in the objects with which it consorts, and gains strength and refinement in the process. Of the results of the opposite process we have seen enough to make us value this wholesome and cleanly quality. For ordinary English travellers on American ground, we should not be sorry to see a literary quarantine established, in which a certain number of years might be required, for minds, on their return home, to recover their healthy tone ere they rush into print, spreading abroad the taint of their own virulent prejudices. But Mrs. Houston may have a clean bill of health, at once—for that plague was never on board the *Dolphin*. Let us add, that our author, now and then, adventures a strange enough opinion, with a confidence which needs excusing, on the ground of the habit of adventure to which her mind and body are committed. We will not lay any great stress on a tendency which she has, to fall into the sentimental,—because she is obviously aware of that leaning herself, and keeps it in check. Whenever she finds herself sailing towards that shoal, it is pleasant to see her "wear-ship," and away on another tack. She is never long before (to use a figure which she found much in favour at New Orleans) she "sees that giraffe a-head."

With that part of Mrs. Houston's journeyings which lies over more familiar ground, we need not linger. At Funchal, she is "surprised at the fondness for dancing which prevails" in a climate so hot,—and saddened, amid its bright sunshine and flowery hills, at the spectral forms she meets—"pale, hectic girls, and young men struggling vainly against decay." A calm, on the way to Barbadoes, "almost persuaded" her "of the truth of what she had previously suspected, that the existence of trade winds is a vulgar error, a sort of traveller's wonder!" At Barbadoes, she found the black population looking out for a visit from Queen Victoria, and somewhat hurt at the delay—an expectation which, it may be hoped, is no way associated in their minds with their proverbial assertion, that "you must go to Barbadoes to learn manners;"

sailing over the ancient town of Port Royal, she wonders, somewhat unnecessarily, "why some of our speculators have not" ventured down, among the sharks that "swim carelessly over heaps of treasure and mounds of gold," and "endeavoured to rescue some of these buried riches from the bottom of the deep?"—and she gives to her disappointment, on the first view of the river-giant, the monster Mississippi, which she had so longed to behold, the following explanatory expression—"mud, and reeds, and floating logs, yellow fever, dampness, and desolation!" The apparition of the little schooner, in these waters, was a naval riddle. Nobody could make her out. What unaccustomed craft was this, that had come over the Atlantic, as trim as a sea bird, scarcely ruffling her feathers, in her flight, and "never shipping a sea"? Was she "a miniature man-of-war, with her guns run out at the port-holes, and her white stripe"? The flags of all hues and nations, floating at New Orleans gave no key to the mystery,—so she was set down, in the newspapers, by way of a guess, as an armed vessel going to fight for the cause of freedom and the Yucatanese.

Mrs. Houston seems to lean towards the American opinion, that "Orleans may stump the universe for a city." "The first view of the town, from the river," she says, "is very striking: I think I never saw in any other so long and continuous a line of large, and even grand-looking, buildings." The St. Charles's Hotel, at which they stayed, "contains within its walls accommodation for at least 500 persons. The only hotel to which I can at all compare it is that of *Les Princes*, at Paris. I could almost have fancied myself in that region of good living, luxury and civility." Commanding twenty thousand miles of river-navigation, and communicating with the sea, not only by the Mississippi, but by a canal and basin to the Lake of Pontchartrain, the position of New Orleans is equal to a sea-port. Its progress, since the introduction of steam on its tribute-waters, in 1812, has been little less than miraculous, and its commercial prospects seem boundless. Many of Mrs. Houston's remarks, on its manners and institutions, are interesting,—and sure of a kind reception with the people themselves, from the spirit in which they are uttered:—

"Their system of national education cannot be too highly praised. There is a compelled tax of one per cent. on all appraised property; for this, every one receives instruction for his children, be they ever so numerous. This education comprises every branch of knowledge, and every sort of accomplishment. The masters themselves are people of acknowledged worth and consideration, and receive large salaries. On Washington's birthday, thousands of these young citizens of the Republic were paraded through the streets, their teachers or governors at their head; they were on their way to church, to *fête* the memory of their national hero. I noticed one extremely pretty and lady-like person at the head of one of the lines of girls. She was very young, and held down her head, as if rather an unwilling sharer in the exhibition. On enquiry, I found she was the wife of a military man, with a small income; and possessing great musical talent, had been appointed singing mistress, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. To an European, and especially to an Englishman, this admixture of the classes of society seems at first both strange and ill-advised. But he should recollect, that there is not, as with us, a broad line of demarcation, to separate the rich or the well-born from the poor and low; that each has a right to mingle with each, and that it is not the degradation of poverty, but of vice and incapacity, which keeps one man below another. I am aware, though no politician, that in thickly populated countries, and in governments such as ours, this system of education could not be carried out; but in the States, where there is plenty of space for each man to run his career, without jostling his neighbour, where courage, perseverance and talent are sure to be

rewarded with success, it is assuredly sound policy to raise as many useful citizens, and as few ignorant and unprincipled ones as possible. * * Nothing can exceed the civility of the store-keepers. It is true, they will not put themselves much out of their way, but then a refusal or an excuse is made with politeness, and you are not pressed and urged to purchase, as you so often are in European shops. A stranger also should recollect, that the value he sets upon his dollar is very different from the estimation in which it is held here. He must learn to regard it as a sixpence, and part with it as such. Dollars are not scarce at New Orleans. As a proof of this, I will mention a trifling affair, which occurred, I remember, soon after our arrival. One of our party went into a watchmaker's store, to purchase a glass for a watch. After a short delay, a gentleman emerged from an inner room, with his mouth filled, not only with the eternal quid, but with no small portion of his dinner besides. On hearing the demand, he very coolly replied, 'Well now, as I'm eating my dinner, if you're going right up and down town, 'spose you just call again, and see if I've done, and then we'll put a glass in that watch.' His surprised customer took up his property, and slightly hinted that he would go to another store for his glass. No attempt was made to detain him—the dollar was no more to the New Orleans trader, as I said before, than a sixpence. * * I did not see, in America, any of the offensive familiarity which is said to exist between masters and servants, or any of that objection on the part of the waiting class to attend as servants upon those, whom the accident or acquisition of wealth had placed for the time being in a superior situation of life. In America, no honest calling is degrading, each man aspiring at some future time to hold as important a place in the world as another. Thus, while fulfilling the duties of a servant, he certainly feels himself upon an equality with his present employer, who may (however important his present situation) have commenced life with as small an amount of the all powerful cash as himself. This feeling, and these aspirations, naturally prevent any of the lowliness, and indeed servility, which is often the characteristic of servants in aristocratic countries; it does more, it no doubt induces that certainty of equality which to us is so objectionable. As sensible men, however, having entered into a temporary engagement and covenant to serve and, therefore, to obey, they do not (at least those who wish to maintain a good reputation, and gratify their employers) indulge in useless vaunts of liberty and equality; but under servility, and with sufficient respect, do their duty during their voluntary engagement, as well, or better, than the servants of many other countries. The terms of service over, the former master may shake hands with, and converse in familiar terms with his quondam servant, without fear of compromising his dignity, or coming in contact with language and habits inferior or different to his own. Some there must be, whose disposition and frame of mind are dangerously affected by this state of things; who lose the sense of their temporary dependence, in the broad sea of democratic and over-liberal opinions:—but these instances, among a serious, methodical and sensible people, like the Americans, are rare, and by no means sufficient to controvert my opinion, that to use the words of the French writer (De Tocqueville), from whom I have previously quoted, "the relation of servants and masters is not disorganized."

The following extract we have carried to some length, because of the good sense and importance of the remarks which it contains. Such friendly and reasonable estimates are the proper antidote to the rancorous feelings generated by the unphilosophic statements of writers aiming at point and attaining vulgarity. They are the more important, because the charge against which they direct themselves lies, too, we are very sorry to say, at the door of writers of a far higher class,—from whom more thoughtful views might have been expected. It is impossible to say what lamentable political consequences such idle throwing of paper-pellets may ultimately involve. Nations are never philosophers in their aggregate character; and all history shows that national susceptibilities cannot, for a length of time, be

played on with impunity. No thinking reader can fail to see that such observations as follow contain more of the truth, than reports that put the accidental for the essential—a part for the whole—the merely formal for the fundamentally true; and we are willing to give our part to the circulation of arguments that answer the trifling of those social phrenologists (so to speak) who flippantly appreciate all the moral and intellectual status of a people, by the casual bumps on the surface of its society of to-day:—

"It struck me, however, that the manners of the Americans were deficient in that real dignity which consists in finding one's own place in society and keeping it. In such a society as exists in America, all stations are ill defined; nor can there ever be a standard of good breeding, where so many causes concur to render the grades of society for ever fluctuating. Much, therefore, is left to the intuitive tact and natural good sense of each individual; but the peculiar sensitiveness of the Americans renders them perhaps ill qualified to manage these delicate matters well. This is particularly to be remarked when they are brought in contact with foreigners. The American who, in his own country, and towards his own people, is courteous and polite,—neither vainglorious, nor apt to take offence,—becomes in Europe, or amongst Europeans (from this very want of knowing his station) abrupt, rude, and offensively boastful. He lives in constant fear of transgressing those rules of etiquette, of which he greatly overrates the importance; and fearful of not being enough considered, and aiming at achieving a trivial and unworthy importance, he ceases to be the manly, independent character for which nature and education intended him. * * The English are too apt to assert as an undeniable fact, that 'the Americans are ungentlemanlike;' thus arrogating to themselves the right of deciding upon the manners of a whole nation. But let us ask, on what grounds they claim this exclusive censorship? We have, I admit, set up for ourselves a standard of refinement, and *savoir faire*, very different from any thing we are likely to meet with in the United States; but does it, therefore, follow that we must be right; or that, allowing that our habits are more refined, there are not advantages in their democratic state of society, which more than counterbalance those of which we are so proud? * * Originality, and absence of affectation, are the essential characteristics of American manners; I speak of the gentleman of the United States, when in his own country. Whatever is original, and natural, carries with it a certain respectability; but directly this is lost, indifferent imitations take its place, and the imitative American, like every one else in similar circumstances, becomes ridiculous. The manners of the Americans in general, however, are not bad; and it can only be alleged against them that they have no artificial manners at all. This, in our estimation, is a grievous fault; and it must be admitted, that infinite pleasure is taken by our countrymen in turning into ridicule the peculiarities of a people, of whose real excellencies they are too prejudiced to judge impartially. That the ridicule is returned by the Americans, and with interest, and often with as much legitimate food for its exercise, there is no doubt. The manners and habits of the English differing so essentially from their own, are not likely to escape with impunity; and whilst the members of our aristocratic community are laughing contemptuously at the want of courtly breeding displayed by the Americans, the latter are still less lenient to our devotion to trivial etiquette, and what they consider our servile adulation of rank and station. After all, what can be the motives which induce two great nations to be constantly attacking each other in this puerile way? They are on different sides of the wide Atlantic: surely there is room enough in the world for both. The hostile feeling existing between the countries is kept alive by the constant attacks of authors, many of whom are ignorant of the nature of really good society. These people cross the Atlantic, from the east and west. A clever, but possibly an underbred English writer, makes a tour of the States, sees absolutely nothing of good American society, and publishes a book criticising that of which he or she is totally unqualified to give an opinion. This work is then sent across the Atlantic, as a faithful picture of the habits and national characteristics of a great

nation. Upon this, there follows squib after squib from either side. The great features of national character are disregarded, and the points of attack are small personal defects, faults of language, and coarseness of behaviour. Animosity is excited in both nations—for who can deny that ridicule is harder to bear than abuse? * * One of the principal charges brought against our friends across the Atlantic is, that they are in the habit of boasting, both of themselves and their country, in an offensive and indiscriminate manner. If we were not endowed with a considerable share of pride ourselves, we should not complain so much when we meet with it in others; for that which renders the vanity of others so insupportable, is that it wounds our own. The Americans are proud, and justly so, of their self-earned freedom, of the liberal constitution of their country, and of the place in the scale of nations in which their own exertions have placed them. It is unfortunate, however, that they cannot bear their honours meekly, but do injury to their own and their country's cause, by their habits of exaggeration and self-praise. There is a want of quiet and genuine dignity about the American's sense of freedom and equality. If he feels that the advantages he thus enjoys are great, let him value them in silence, and let their fruits be seen. The Americans, however, would not be half so boastful, did they feel that they were correctly judged, and rightly appreciated by us. That they will be so in time, I have little doubt; but time must elapse before either party will be softened. It is a good genuine brotherly hatred,—the strongest of any when it once takes root, because, in fraternal feuds, jealousy has always, more or less, a share."

From Louisiana, Mrs. Houston twice visited Texas, and took some pains to make herself acquainted with the condition of a country to which recent events and speculations give a facitious importance. Into the political part of her inquiries we need not enter,—as they refer principally to questions which can scarcely be said to be longer in issue. The problem of Texan independence of Mexico is now an accepted fact—to which Mexico herself would probably, ere this, have been a consenting party, if new elements had not arisen to complicate and disfigure the original question. Of these new elements, which had not so emphatically pronounced themselves at the time of her visit, Mrs. Houston takes no account; and this part of her volumes has, therefore, no remaining interest. She gives, also, an historical account of the rise of the colony, and the progress of its revolution, which contains some interesting particulars; but for which our readers have already been referred to Mr. Kennedy's book on that subject (*Athen. No. 708*).—All her reports are in favour of the people and the soil; and she seems anxious to establish it as a field for British settlement. Before Texas be selected by our emigrant population, however, we hope they will read the accounts of the country given by others, and then we hope they will read *Mrs. Houston's own*! What do we hear of this disputed territory in other quarters? As of a country whose prairies are swamps for two-thirds of the year; timber to be obtained only in the higher regions, and at a labour almost impossible, and a cost quite unremunerative; an atmosphere teeming with epidemic (65 per cent. of the population were carried off by yellow fever in 1839!) a climate in which vegetation perishes as fast as it is born; rivers with bars at their mouths, which swamp the country for miles, and taint the air with their pestilential streams! So much for the physical characters of the country, as gathered from the reports of other investigators. What says Mrs. Houston?—"It cannot be denied, that, as a field for settlers, Texas has considerable advantages over almost every other country." Such is the sentence. Now, we will give, as summarily as we can, some of the heads of the evidence on which it is founded, from Mrs. Houston's own book,—where they occupy a large space; and then, if the migrating reader be enamoured of

the morals, manners, institutions or natural features of the country, he can go to Texas; if not, he will probably wonder, with us, how Mrs. Houston arrives at her conclusions.

Austin is the nominal, and Washington the actual, scene of government in Texas; but the principal city is Galveston, situate on an island. This island, fifteen miles in length, and two in breadth, boasts of *three trees*, and no more,—which are, consequently, a mark to steer by. The houses are of wood—and last about ten years, when the terrific hurricanes will let them.

"The English church is at present in rather a dilapidated condition. During a recent hurricane, it was, in common with half the town, and the Roman Catholic Chapel among the rest, thrown on its beam ends, where it remained till it was raised up. The city of Galveston fell, as might a pack of cards built into temporary houses by a child at play! * * The city contains about three hundred covered buildings, which a bold person would, or might, call houses. There are also four churches; rather a considerable proportion, I should say to the number of inhabitants, which amount only to about two thousand. Then, there are temples, squares, theatres, botanical and zoological gardens; but they are only at present on the ground plan."

So much for the city—now for the setting of this gem:—

"The scenery, if such it can be called, is totally without variety: a long monotonous prairie, with occasional tussocks of high grass, little plots of reeds, and frequent bogs, cover the whole extent of the island. * * The only 'drive' is on the sea-beach, and a most beautiful beach it is—so hard and smooth, with its fine sand, that you scarcely hear your horse's foot-fall, as he trots, or rather runs along—a light carriage behind him, and the broad prairie spreading far before. Occasionally you are—I was going to say—stopped, but I should have been wrong: no one is stopped in this country by anything short of a bowie-knife, or a rifle-ball; but your progress is delayed by an interesting bayou, through which you have to wade, or swim, as the case may be. There is neither time nor spare cash to erect bridges; and, indeed, were the expense to be incurred, the probability is they would be washed away by the first rain, or by a more than usually high tide. Bridges then being out of the question, nothing is left you but to make the best of such means of transport as are within your reach. If you fortunately chance to meet with any person who has lately crossed, you ask, 'Well, Sir, is it swimming?' Should the answer be in the affirmative, and you happen to be on horseback, equipped for a journey, with your plunder (luggage) about you, your 'up saddle-bags,' and boldly plunge into the stream. Should your route lie along the shore, the safest plan is to go a good way out to sea—on—on—till you find yourself well out among the breakers. I confess, that, at first, this struck me as rather an alarming proceeding; but, in fact, it is much the safest plan,—there being always a bar of sand formed across the mouth of these bayous, and if you can hit that, the depth of water is much lessened. * * The lowlands, however, between the rolling country and the sea, are, from all we could learn, scarcely habitable for Europeans. We certainly saw a few Germans, who had been settled on the banks of the Brazos, in the low country, for five years, but they had repeatedly suffered from fevers, though they were now to a certain extent acclimatized. A more miserable looking set of objects I never beheld. Another evil, and one scarcely less to be dreaded than the fever, consists in the myriads of mosquitoes, which are so venomous and troublesome as to render existence hardly endurable. * * There can be no doubt that this low country, whose soil, however, is unequalled in richness, can only be inhabited by people from the southern states of America, Louisiana, Mississippi, &c. The inhabitants of those provinces have been used to even more unhealthy situations than the Texan lowlands,—and without the benefit of the constant fresh sea-breeze, or trade-wind, (as it may almost be called,) which blows over the latter."

The hurricanes, called "northers," are thus described:—

"They most frequently occur after a few days of

damp dull weather, and generally about once a for night. Their approach is known by a dark bank rising on the horizon, and gradually overreaching the heavens. The storm bursts forth with wonderful suddenness and tremendous violence, and generally lasts forty-eight hours; the wind after that period veers round to the east and southward, and the storm gradually abates. During the continuance of a norther, the cold is intense, and the wind so penetrating, it is almost impossible to keep oneself warm. The weather is generally clear, and frequently the northers are almost unaccompanied by rain. The tremendous hurricane that occurred last September, as it was described to us, is calculated to give one the impression that, on some future day, the flourishing city of Galveston may be swept away, by the overwhelming incursions of the sea."

These are a few of the natural attractions of a favoured portion of Texas; among its social lures to the emigrant, may be mentioned the varieties of tenure and uncertainty of title. The difficulty of procuring good ones, Mrs. Houston explains at length; and we must refer to her pages for that explanation. From the foregoing particulars (a few taken out of many kindred ones) the reader will be prepared for Mrs. Houston's enumeration of the most flourishing among the traders of Galveston. First come naturally in such a climate, the *Doctors*—"of whom Galveston boasts a large supply." "Some of the most frequented stores are those containing drugs and chemicals; and every ship that comes in is announced as containing leeches by thousands, quinine by hogheads, and calomel by cloths,—to say nothing of *Demi-Johns* of castor oil. Doctoring must answer here, if anything does." This is significant! The next dealers, in point of number, are the lawyers!—the children, no doubt, of difficult titles—and occasionally their parents! Law, for the security of the *person*, there is none, save that of force. Lynch-law is the recognized law of the land; but, says Mrs. Houston, with most amusing simplicity, (strangely defending the practice of this wild and barbarous justice!) though the Texan is allowed, thus, to take the law into his own hands, yet "should it, afterwards, be pronounced by the unprejudiced voices of the people, that either the punishment of his enemy was undeserved, or not warranted by the first duty of self-preservation, he becomes himself amenable to punishment—by Lynch Law!" Many choice particulars of manners are given;—divorces, for example, are matters of course:—

"During our residence of only a few months in the country, no less than forty couples were disinited, and this merely by taking an oath on both sides of mutual incompatibility of temper. This circumstance ought to be generally known; as it may be of service to those similarly situated, to learn that, by a six months residence in Texas, they may enjoy the benefit of this liberating system!"

Gentlemen opposed to slavery, or willing even to hear both sides of the argument, are put unceremoniously into a boat, from Galveston Island, and landed in the woods, to preach their doctrines to silence!—And this reminds us that our fair traveller delivers herself of some opinions in favour of slavery—or at least in mitigation of the offence—which we regret very much to hear from her. As usual, however, her testimony is so impartially given, that she supplies the antidote to her own poison, and unconsciously destroys her sophistries as fast as she has woven them.—But we must pause—adding only, that, to crown all this undesigned evidence against the colony of her predilection, (Heaven keep it from its friends!) by one of the most remarkable inconsistencies in her volumes, she sits down—as if of deliberate purpose to prevent any European from ever transporting his household goods in that direction—to describe, in a very affecting narrative, the terrible struggles of a family of youthful emigrants, in the pestilent

wilderness of Texas! Let the intending emigrant read that; and he will, probably, not trouble Mrs. Houstoun for the rest of her argument.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Sir Rowland Ashton: a Tale of the Times, by Lady Catherine Long.—This might have been called, a tale against the 'Tracts for the Times' so earnestly and lengthily does Lady Long set herself to demolish Puseyism, in an episcopal conversation after the fashion of 'Tremaine.' But we cannot agree with her in the more general principle on which her novel is written, that fiction is a good medium for religious instruction. There is a tone of self-complacency too, in her preface, which seems to us anything but spiritual. Her novel will neither harm Dr. Pusey, nor Mr. Newman, nor reconcile us to the mixture of sacred and secular things by the aid of imagination. Yet it is amiably meant. Sir Rowland Ashton is Lady Long's beau ideal of a Grandison: handsome, wealthy, distinguished in position, and endowed with every grace of heart and gift of hand. He advises, assists, supports all who are in affliction and trial with exemplary beneficence, and sets himself with affectionate zeal to "convert" every one to his own opinions. But apart from the infallibility thus arrogated by implication, this is very awkwardly managed, as will be seen in those who follow Sir Rowland in his dealings with Anstruther, the hardened diplomatist; the latter unblushingly stating and broadly recommending his own loose morals, the former commencing his work of winning by addressing the sinner, in so many plain words, as "an alien from God, a self-doomed stranger to peace and hope." Who can believe in the efficacy of a proselytism which begins by calling names? The portion of the novel devoted to Sir Rowland's love-trials is better executed, and contains the old and often-told tale of self-sacrifice gone through with a noble heroism, more frequently, we fear, encountered in tales than in the walks of every-day egotism. It is more than possible that Lady Long would deny our criticism by informing us that 'Sir Rowland Ashton' was written for a class to which he does not belong, and of whose sentiments and meanings we have but dim and distant glimpses. Hence we do not anticipate any remarkable improvement in her future productions as works of art. As a book for a class, however, this novel is only feeble and second-rate.

The Invisible Universe Disclosed, by H. C. Johnson.—When a man writes his little tract and overturns everything, we understand him: but when he spins three hundred pages, we do not always know what to make of him. His long and close labour makes us suspect he may have an idea which he cannot work out,—which idea, though a wrong one, may yet breed consequences in his own mind. In the present instance, though the book is of three hundred pages, we have no difficulty of the preceding kind. We have read many squarings of the circle, many refutations of Newton, many perpetual motions; but we never did read the work of any writer who is so completely without the idea of demonstration. Sentences a page long, abounding with "therefore" and "for this reason," are made up of parts which have no connexion with each other than the sequences of a dream. Of course the author (who calls all his chapters "demonstrations") squares the circle, upsets all astronomical theory, explains electricity, &c., though his power of using geometrical terms is as in the following quotation, "The two extreme parts of the axis called the north and south poles are according to the present system of astronomy of equal form, although that form is of an oblate or flat description." We suspect our author himself to be more than usually flat in the poll.

The Life of St. Stephen—The Family of St. Richard—The Life of St. Augustine—The Life of St. William—The Life of St. William.—These cheap and pretty little volumes will hereafter take rank amongst the curiosities of the literature of the nineteenth century; and they are no doubt published in furtherance of the opinions advocated by Mr. Newman in his 'Essay on the Miracles recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages.' We would seriously advise all writers to study what Coleridge has well and wisely said of the design and use of miracles. Of men of Mr. Newman's school will stigma-

tize us as disciples of the "age of unbelief," for our opposition to their tendencies; but let them have the charity to consider that a system may be very religious when viewed on one side, yet equally irreligious when viewed on another. We mean to say, that their intentions may be very pious towards the reputation and sanctity of the early church; but, considered in reference to all that we hold as genuine Christian doctrine and true philanthropy, the purport of his book and their books is false and mischievous. But if we believe less than they are disposed to believe on one side, we perhaps believe more on the other. Our trust in the power of a well-understood Christianity to ameliorate the physical and moral condition of mankind far exceeds all the dreams of those who wait for miracles. True Christian principles and practices, when once they have gained ground in society, will need no miracles to establish and promote them. Their strength is in themselves. All who would turn aside the attention of the people from the simple necessity and sufficiency of practical obedience to the clear and divine rules of Christian truth, both for the good of the individual and of general society—all who would hinder the spread of this simple and salutary truth, whether by mysticism or traditionalism, or by attempts, like these before us, to revive faith in the marvels of the Middle Ages, must be accounted (however devout they may seem to be in their own way,) offenders against the progress of the truth and the highest interest of humanity.

The Political Progress of Prussia.—[*Ueber den politischen, &c.*] by John Prince Smith.—We take the writer of this pamphlet to be an Englishman who has domesticated himself in Prussia. He argues that governments must not hope for stability on the plan of acting negatively towards the industrial improvement and progress of modern society; but rather by cordial co-operation and guidance. He complains that European governments bestow too much attention on diplomatic schemes of little popular interest, while they are tardy in the work of social reformation which is engaging the best heads and hearts among the people. His pamphlet is worthy of a short notice, for its concluding observations, though not clearly and concisely expressed. While the writer contends for the utmost freedom of commerce, he does not suppose that this alone will secure true freedom and happiness. Political improvements may afford the means of attaining social well-being; but moral reformation alone can secure the result. He says well, that not until the beautiful and appropriate shall be preferred to mere wealth and material aggrandizement, will men be truly free and happy. We notice this pamphlet as one of many productions from almost all parts of Europe pervaded with the same ideas of a legislation fair and good for all—ideas which, sooner or later, must have their triumph over all systems of partiality and dis-union.

The Physiology of Inflammation, and the Healing Process, by Benjamin Travers.—The author was educated when John Hunter was law-giver in our medical schools, but the progress of physiology, more especially under the influence of the microscope, has threatened to overthrow entirely the Hunterian doctrines of inflammation and the cure of wounds. Hunter maintained that inflammation was necessary to the healing of injuries; but Macartney has recently denied this doctrine; and as this must be a point of great practical importance, we are not surprised to find the question exciting some interest. Mr. Travers avows himself a Hunterian, and has certainly examined the subject of inflammation with the accurate observation and philosophical spirit which the subject requires. Whatever may be the difference in theory between the followers of Dr. Macartney and Mr. Travers, they seem all agreed with regard to the facts which constitute the phenomena of inflammation, and their ultimate influence on the tissues in which they occur. In this work there is an account of the late Dr. Todd's beautiful preparations, now in the College of Surgeons' Museum, and also a series of original observations, on the microscopic structure of living tissues whilst in a state of inflammation.

A Botanical Guide to the Environs of Cheltenham, by James Buckman.—This is a list of plants, arranged according to the Linnæan system, found by the author within ten miles of Cheltenham. Such lists, when the author can be depended on, are valuable

to the botanist, in the study of the geographical distribution of plants, and are useful guides to those humble collectors of plants who value their specimens by a money-scale, in which the rarest plants form the maximum of worth, and the most abundant the minimum. To the latter class alone will this book be of much use. There is no attempt made to compare the Flora of the district with others; no use has been made, apparently, of works upon the distribution of plants; it is, in fact, a bare list of the names of the plants, with the fields and the hedges in which they may be found. The work has been carelessly printed; there is scarcely a page without some glaring mistake; thus, in the first page, we have "scenellata" for *scutellata*, in the second, "hederafolia" for *hederifolia*; further on, "Enonymus" for *Eonymus*, and "Heliosciadium" for *Helosciadium*. These are taken at random, and at least a hundred other such errors might be pointed out.

Parker's Collections in Popular Literature.—Since we last noticed this publication (*ante*, p. 328), the following volumes have been added to it:—*Cuvier and Zoology*.—Sir Francis Palgrave's valuable and interesting *Merchant and the Friar*.—*The Lord and the Vassal*.—*Norah Toole, and other Tales*, by a Lady; which appears to us below the general mark of the publication.—*Van-ti, the Chinese Magistrate*.—and last, *A History of the French Revolution*, by Miss F. M. Rowan, a work ably and honestly written, but in which, avowedly, the faults of the people are more insisted on, than those of the rulers, for reasons, as we think, wholly insufficient.

List of New Books.—Guide to the Madeiras, West Indies, &c. &c., illustrated with Charts, by John Osborne, 2nd edit., enlarged, 12mo. 8s. cl.—A Grammar of the French Language, with practical exercises, by N. Wanoostrocht, revised and enlarged by Tarver, 20th edit., 12mo. 4s. 6d.—*Edgeworth's Frank*, 5th edit., 3 vols. 18mo. 9s. cl.—*Homeri Iliad*, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—*Rorke on the Use of the Globes*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Compendium of Universal History*, by a Lady, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Hook's (Rev. Dr.) Sermons on Various Subjects*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Faber's (Rev. T. W.) Sir Lancelot, a Poem*, 6s. 6d. cl.—*Cottage Dialogues*, Vol. I., 'Matthew,' 2nd edit., 18mo. 3s. cl.—*Moffatt's Missionary Labours in South Africa*, 3rd edit., 8vo. 12s. cl.—*Jerusalem, the Centre and Joy of the whole Earth*, &c., by Warden Cross, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Protestant Missions in Bengal*, illustrated by J. J. Westbrecht, 2nd edit. 6s. cl.—*Rev. W. J. Works, Vol. IX. (Twenty-four Sermons)*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Pictorial Notices of Van Dyck and his Contemporaries*, 4to. 1l. 8s. cl.—*The Victory, or the Ward Room Mess*, by M. H. Barker, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—*An Autumn in Switzerland*, by Mrs. A. Yates, new edit., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Etöthen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East*, 8vo. 12s. cl.—*The Popular Member*, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Hirkin's Five per cent. Interest Tables*, with Supplement, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Fleming and Tibbitts's French and English Dictionary*, (American edit.) royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. cl.—*Warren's Hints to Young Organists*, 18mo. 3s. cl.—*St. Lucia, Historical, Statistical and Descriptive*, by H. H. Green, Esq., 8vo. 12s. cl.—*A Descriptive Account of an Improved Method of Planting and Managing the Root of the Grape Vine*, by C. Hoare, 12mo. 6s. cl.—*My Churchyard*, by a Pastor, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*History of Prince Lee Boo*, 19th edit., 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Rowe on Nervous Diseases*, 7th edit., 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky*, square, 5s. cl.—*The Nursery Book*, new edit., square, 3s. 6d. cl.—*Wells's (M. L.) Edition of the New Acts on Imprisonment for Debt, Insolvency, &c.*, with introduction and Index, 12mo. 2s. sewed, or 2s. 6d. law cloth.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Education in France.

A.—Normandie.
THE protracted settlement of the law regulating secondary education in France, the keen struggle between the Roman Catholic church and the laity, between the lovers of free education and of a restricted one, between those who separate the teaching of philosophy from religion, and those who would make a knowledge of the former dependent on the latter, render the whole question one of extreme interest.

I have collected, with considerable care, and, I think, accuracy, the plan of that extensive system, which comprehends within its range the entire population of France, and which was designed and arranged by the sagacity and skill of Napoleon. In 1808 he drew up the outline of his scheme, which he subsequently organized with the same precision that he exercised in the formation and discipline of a numerous army.

The central point, from which all operations radiate, is the University, which is not a college of education, like those of Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, or Aberdeen, each forming in itself a university, nor

a combination of colleges, as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but a corporate body, with a board of management, and an indefinite number of members, comprehending, amongst others, every licensed schoolmaster in the kingdom. The supreme authority is lodged in the Minister of Instruction, and a royal council of public instruction, consisting of seven individuals,* and about twelve general inspectors. The Minister of Instruction is appointed by the King, to whom he takes an oath of office with the ceremonials prescribed for the Archbishops. His chief duties are to prepare and present to his Majesty an annual Report of schools and functionaries, to confirm the admissions of Faculties, sign and grant diplomas, publish Acts relating to education, and control the entire corresponding department. He has the absolute appointment of all the principal functionaries in the colleges, and of all clerks in the offices of education; and he also appoints the general inspectors, whose duty it is to visit all the schools in the kingdom, and report upon the state of education and discipline in the faculties of law, medicine, &c. and the fitness of professors. The members of the royal council have their commissions also from the King, who, upon a vacancy, selects one out of three names presented to him by the Minister of Instruction and the council. They meet twice a-week, and, amongst other duties, select books, and encourage the publication of such as they may think necessary for educational purposes.

The University is divided into twenty-six Academies—the number of the courts of appeal—viz. Aix, Amiens, Angiers, Besançon, Bordeaux, Bourges, Caen, Cahors, Clermont, Corse, Dijon, Douai, Grenoble, Limoges, Lyons, Metz, Montpellier, Nancy, Nîmes, Orléans, Paris, Pau, Poitiers, Rennes, Rouen, Strasbourg, and Toulouse. These Academies, like the University, are only boards of control for different arrondissements, not buildings for the reception of pupils. Each of them is governed by a rector and particular inspectors, whose duty it is to visit all the schools within the jurisdiction of the Academy. Generally there are two inspectors in each Academy, excepting that of Paris, which has about ten, and is distinguished by having the grand master, or Minister of Instruction for its rector. With each rector is associated an academic council, of which he is, *ex officio*, the president.

The Academy of Paris has five schools or faculties—viz. those of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Sciences, and Letters. By the Academies only degrees are conferred, which, with certain exceptions, are limited to the right to practise in the arrondissement of the Academy in which they are obtained. The degrees of Divinity are conferred wherever there is a metropolitan church; the Lutherans graduate at Strasbourg, as did the Calvinistic portion of Protestants at Geneva (when that place constituted a portion of France), and degrees are conferred at Montauban on the members of the Protestant Gallican Church.

The Law schools (or faculties) are in Paris, Aix, Caen, Dijon, Grenoble, Poitiers, Rennes, Strasbourg, and Toulouse. The Medical schools of the first rank (comprehending Surgery and Pharmacy) are at Paris, Montpellier, and Strasbourg; and the secondary ones, which grant certificates to an inferior rank of practitioners, called officers of health, who are authorized to practise by certificates, granted in every arrondissement, on proof of their having practised five years in hospitals, or ten under the instructions of regularly qualified men.

Women are instructed for midwifery in hospitals under a professor, and are presented with diplomas gratuitously.

The faculties of Sciences and Letters are generally where there are Royal Colleges, and in every chief seat of an Academy.

The degrees in each faculty† are three, viz. those of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor, and the examinations and acts for them are public.

Education is divided into three grand branches:—Elementary instruction, which is given in the communal and private schools, and embraces the general rudiments necessary for all classes.

Secondary instruction, confined to colleges of the State, and private institutions, embraces moral and

* The number originally was thirty.

† The word faculty means a branch of a learned profession, and also the school in which lectures on that branch are delivered.

religious instruction, ancient and modern languages, history and geography, physical and mathematical sciences; in short, the preparatory education necessary for an academician or a professional man.

And superior instruction, which is confined to the faculties. The *projet de loi* deals only with secondary instruction.

The first in order, of the establishments for giving it, are the royal colleges (originally Lycées), which are founded and supported by the State so far as paying the functionaries, but the buildings are provided from local sources; each of those is under the direction of a provisor, censor, and economist; the last has authority to sue for all debts due to the college for tuition, &c. This functionary is nominated on the presentation of the provisor and the report of the rector of the Academy. The other officials are one or two almoners (ecclesiastics), professors, *agrégés*,‡ inferior teachers, a physician, and surgeon; the provisor nominates the medical men, the subordinate teachers, and the servants.

The regulations for the internal management are precise and stringent, and if the provisor discharges his duty, he has no insecure office. Besides his daily duties, it is his business to make reports of the conduct, proficiency, and state of health of his pupils to their parents, and twice a-year to forward in detail to the academic council a report of the discipline, studies, and general condition of the college, distinguishing boarders from day scholars; and these reports are so arranged as to give the names, ages, birthplaces, rank of the parents, with particular observations on the progress and conduct of each scholar; they are registered in the archives of the Academy.

The censor is next in authority, and has the superintendence of everything relating to instruction and discipline, but he must obey the directions of the provisor, and submit to him a weekly abstract of his daily notes, and of the reports of the professor. He is required to be present when the intern pupils go to bed and rise up, and to observe their conduct when out of their lecture rooms. He has also charge of the library. The almoner is the only clergyman of necessity in any of the colleges, though, in point of fact, several provisors, principals, and professors are ecclesiastics. This was not the case, however, for some years after the Revolution of 1830, but within the last two or three years the struggle for their appointment has set in, and clerical superintendence prevails in many places. A great portion of the laity are very careful to check every tendency to clerical ascendancy in this and other matters of a general nature, and therefore opposed to the admission of a large proportion of the clergy in the superintendence of the colleges, and this is one of the chief subjects in dispute. On the one hand, the Roman Catholic clergy are grasping at the entire control of the colleges and of education; and on the other, the positive injunctions of the *Ministre de l'Instruction* compel the professors to teach philosophy wholly dissociated from religion.

M. de Lamarétin§ observes, "the Church says, Religious worship, that is faith; faith, that is education; you have given me religious worship, you owe me education—nothing more rigorously logical. The State says, Education, that is man; education it is the human mind. If I give you education, I give you up man, I give you up the human mind, I give you up entire civilization—in a word, I abdicate. A certain scruple holds me back; I am content to give you nine-tenths. I am content to give you all religious education, all domestic education, all popular education, all education from man's first to his sixteenth year, but leave me that which is paramount, public *civil* education. That at least belongs to me. The Church replies, No: the cultivation of intellect is yours, but the soul is ours; if you do not let me examine your doctrines and control the faith of your professors, we refuse assent. We separate from you, we aid no longer in your colleges. And here the Church, sincere and conscientious, is right. For, if she believes,

‡ This word is used in two senses; all professors in royal colleges must undergo an extra examination, called *Aggrégation*, which entitles them to a salary of 400fr. per annum, employed or unemployed, and to the title of *Aggrégé*. The word is also used to express the office of assistant (suppléant), and this assistant need not to undergo the extra examination, though he must be a graduate. It is in the latter sense it is used above.

§ In l'Etat, l'Eglise, et l'Enseignement.

she cannot act a part in a sacred comedy—assisting the State in a performance that, she says, is the perversion of her faith; nor can she complacently cover with her mantle the delusions of philosophic teaching, which takes souls from her between the pulpit and the altar. It is unworthy of her; it is to make fools of men, merchandise of children, and to sell God!"

But the Church will not gain her point. The teaching of philosophy, as founded by Descartes, will be retained.

M. de Broglie observes*—"What is the definite end that Descartes has proposed and has attained? It is to establish the complete and reciprocal independence of philosophy and religion—independence, without which, philosophy, worthy of the name, cannot exist, nor religion be profoundly and systematically demonstrated. These principles are excellent; no person understood them better, proclaimed them with more candour, supported them with more *éclat* and vigour, than Fenelon, in his *Traité sur l'Existence de Dieu*, and Bossuet, in the *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu et de soi-même*. But are these questions which can be mooted without danger before auditors of fifteen or sixteen, by many hundreds of young professors, who thus commence their course of teaching? And do not other questions no less delicate and thorny arise?" Does not the history of philosophy tell us, that the teaching of it from necessity places the mind on a very slippery declivity. In laying before youth the picture of the great alterations of the human heart, who can answer for it that the award of praise and blame will be always given with a just and blameless discernment? Though he so forcibly points out the dangers of the present system of teaching philosophy, he decides in favour of continuing it, with the hope that the "Minister of Instruction and the Royal Council may always have the eye and ear open to trace with a firm and strong hand the line of demarcation between superior and secondary education, and admit nothing in the latter which goes beyond logic, morality, and elementary psychology."

This is rather a vague boundary; but to return to my details.

Wherever the number of Protestants is considerable, as at Paris and Strasbourg, a Protestant almoner is appointed conjointly with the Roman Catholic. The almoner, who has the same rank with the censor, is nominated like that functionary, on the presentation of the provisor, after the approval of the bishop of his diocese, and the consent of the rector. He conducts the religious department altogether, and has prescribed days for celebrating the services of his Church, among which there is one appointed for the day preceding the annual distribution of prizes, and the day of resuming studies.

The professors are divided into two classes, *agrégés aux hautes sciences* and *agrégés de grammaire*. They are teachers in the different branches of education, and submit weekly reports to the censor. They must wear their robes when attending their classes, and have the privilege of taking private pupils at their own houses, providing they send them to the college classes as day scholars.

The study masters are the lowest order of teachers, and fulfil the ordinary duties of our school ushers. They accompany the pupils in their walks, take their meals with them, and act under the orders of the provisor. There are, also, extra masters for drawing, music, and fencing; and it is thought probable that music will be introduced among the regular branches of education, as the teaching of living languages has been rendered obligatory within the last two or three years.

The minimum age for admission as a boarder is eight; and some previous knowledge of reading and writing is necessary; in addition to which candidate day scholars are required to have some acquaintance with ciphering, and obtain the consent of the provisor to their admission. If he should object to an individual, he is bound to assign his reasons to the rector; and all boys, on entrance, must produce certificates of morality, and of their having had the small or vaccine pox.

The intern scholars are divided into three sections, the first of which consists of two elementary classes, namely, the 7th and 8th; the second of the 3rd, 4th,

* Rapport de la Commission chargée de l'examen du projet de loi relatif à l'Instruction, &c.

and 5th classes; the third of the highest rank, with the two classes of philosophy, and that of rhetoric. These sections have distinct superintendence, and no more than thirty of them can be assembled in the same lecture room; each class has a separate dormitory, with a prescribed distance (three metres) between the beds, if there be not a sufficient number of single cells, and during the hours of recreation the senior are separated from the junior classes.

The rules respecting discipline and the employment of the pupils, from the time of rising at half-past five to bed-time at nine, are very minute and rigid; and to prevent any deduction of time from the portion which is appropriated by the statutes to the common lessons of each class, to other matters—such as music, dancing, and fencing, these can be taught only in the hours of recreation.

The rules concerning leave of absence from college, and the reception of visitors within it, are also stringent; and there is a general prohibition against absence in Passion-week, which is devoted to religious exercises, but there are a few holidays. When the students obtain leave to go out, they are obliged to wear the uniform coat of the college, and they are not allowed to depart or return alone—if, therefore, they get into scrapes it is not from want of precautions to prevent them. The day scholars, who have no distinguishing dress, have a separate code of laws for their guidance, which are also strict and precise. Commissioners of administration, composed of the principal magistrates or the most respectable parents, give a general inspection of the accounts and condition of each college, hear complaints, and are empowered to expel a student for ill conduct, with an obligation of responsibility to government for doing so. The gradations of punishment, from privations of a trifling nature to heavy tasks, confinement, and expulsion, are defined with the precision that might be expected from the character of Napoleon, their framer.

The general subjects of instruction, and the divisions into classes have already been noticed. I have only to add, that the books studied are the same in all the colleges, and that the professors are not permitted in any respect to deviate from the uniformity of the prescribed system as fixed by the supreme authority from year to year.

There are, at present, forty-three Royal Colleges, of which five are in Paris, and it is proposed that there shall be at least one in every department. I reserve for another letter an account of the Communal Colleges.

Alexandria, July 24, 1844.

ONE of the most remarkable features both of ancient and modern cities in Egypt is that vast accumulation of rubbish which is found in and around them. These accumulations about Alexandria extend for miles, and those about Cairo nearly surround that city with a chain of hills which, here and there, exceed in height the loftiest houses.

In Alexandria, as far as one can judge, from the excavations that are made in these mounds in many parts of the city, they are composed of the ruins of temples and houses of various epochs, while the hills that surround Cairo are entirely the produce of that city, to which the houses by their rapid decay have mainly contributed. These excavations are the quarries of the modern city. It was out of one of them that Mr. Harris obtained that colossal foot now in the British Museum, and the late French consul, procured several interesting fragments, among which a statue of Herodotus and a bronze vase were conspicuous. Every day, now that materials for building are in great request for the docks and fortifications, brings to light some fragment of antiquity of which commonly all that is marble, such as the capitals of columns and fragments of statues, is broken up on the spot for the lime-kiln which is usually built by the side of the excavation; while the foundations of the ancient buildings are quarried into stones of more portable dimensions for the modern erections, which, like all Turkish structures, are not likely to hand down to very remote posterity the name of the founders. But with regard to the mounds of Cairo, there is another curious circumstance, the never-failing indication of an ancient site; and from which it would appear that the former, like the present inhabitants of Egypt, indulged largely in the luxury

of vessels for cooling water, the fragments of which, as in the Monte Testaccio of Rome, form no inconsiderable part of their bulk. These vessels for cooling water are made of unglazed baked clay of an extremely porous nature, by which means, in the climate of Egypt, the evaporation is abundant, and the water rendered excessively cool; but as these vessels soon lose their porosity, and not being available for other purposes, they furnish a regular contribution of a mass of imperishable material, which has aided considerably in the formation of these mounds. The most approved bottles for cooling water are made at Kenneh, a town in the Thebaid, on the east bank of the Nile. They are of a greyish clay colour, excessively thin and porous, and not unfrequently elegant in form. It is usual in the houses of the best Levantine families of Egypt to impart to these bottles an agreeable odour, which is retained some time and transferred to the water, by perfuming the inside with the smoke of gum mastic; a practice which has given occasion to imagine that in the Thebaid was preserved the curious art of making bottles that imparted to the water an agreeable odour. The extent and elevation of these artificial hills of Cairo is very extraordinary. Approaching the city from the north-east, the traveller might imagine himself far in the desert many miles from any human habitation, till he is close to the walls, when the view of the city suddenly bursts upon him like one of those fairy creations of the Arabian authors. Of late years, however, this illusion has been considerably marred by the establishment of windmills on the most elevated points. Shutting one's eyes, however, to that circumstance, and the geological structure of the hills, the effect on the mind is really magical.

To the south-west of the city, one of the mounds has been employed in the salutary measure of filling up a lake that existed in that direction; and still nearer to old Cairo, one is now, by the advice and contrivance of the Frank residents, in the process of being profitably diminished in the manufacture of nitre, of which salt the earth being deprived, it is carried to some olive plantations in the neighbourhood.

Rome.

WHAT are the English painters doing? A very natural question. Happily, it is not difficult to obtain a full and satisfactory answer, for there is no place in the world where greater, if equal, facilities are afforded for examining works of art. To say nothing of the more public places of exhibition, one has only to knock at the door of an artist, and straightway one is introduced into the sanctum. My countrymen form no exception to the general rule of courtesy with which the visitor is received in the studioli of Rome; and I have received unmingled satisfaction, both as an Englishman and as a lover of the Fine Arts, from the observations which, by their permission, I have been enabled to make.

As fresco painting is beginning to interest the English public, you will be glad to hear that the attention of our artists here is awakened to the importance of it. Why it has never been cultivated in England, I know not, except that it is a style of painting suited more particularly to a higher class of subjects than have ever been much patronized amongst us, and that our religion closed a wide field against its exercise. All that is wanted, as it appears to me, in order to the successful cultivation of this, the highest branch of painting, is the encouragement which a correct national taste would afford. Those "pretinneses," which are at present sought after by our countrymen, however chaste and graceful they may be, are but ill suited for the severe style of fresco painting. The very circumstance, therefore, which renders painting in fresco ill adapted to those elegant boudoir subjects, which please often from the mere trickery of art, render it eminently suited to the higher claims of historical subjects, in a taste for which we are at present so defective. Fresco painting is a bold, decided, manly style, requiring thorough knowledge of the art.

But encouragement is wanting even in Rome,—moral as well as money encouragement. The dignity of Art must be upheld. It is depressing to the artist to feel (that is, the artist who has not as yet established his fame and his position) that he is admitted into society in a dubious character, half mechanic,

half professor of a liberal art. These are evils which can be remedied only by a more widely extended and more correct appreciation of Art; till then, the young nobility and gentry of our land will be, as now, more interested in unearthing a fox under the Aqueducts, and in a sharp run over the Campagna, than in studying the immortal works which adorn the galleries of the eternal city; more readily will they open their purse to support "the pack," than to encourage genius; and our young artists must continue to paint trifles suited to the taste of the visitors to Rome, in order to supply their immediate wants, and the English school must remain still—pretty and graceful.

To the brief letter of our correspondent, we will add a paragraph from one of a later date, giving the following account of volcanic phenomena in the neighbourhood of the Sabine Hills:—

"The shocks of earthquake which have been experienced for more than a month past at many points of these mountains constitute a fact as alarming by its continuance, as rare and remarkable in itself. As early as the 5th of last month, shocks were felt at Palestrina, whose neighbouring valleys present no volcanic characters of an ancient date, with the exception of the lake Regillo, which is an extinct crater. Each day since, about noon, the same trembling of the rocks has recurred. On the 17th of the present month, it was violent, and extended to Poli and Gennezano. Since then, the daily concussions have manifested themselves by a visible sinking of the surface of the soil, and the fall of some houses. These ominous signs have determined many families to quit the place: and the public functionaries themselves, and the nuns and monks have abandoned it, with the consent of the Cardinal Castrucci Castracane, the present protector of Palestrina, in search of a temporary abode elsewhere."

ATHENS TO LONDON.

AMONG the unbought luxuries of the age, the power of economical and rapid travelling is perhaps one of the most important; for it not only brings remote regions of the earth into proximity, but actually, in a sense, passes over the great gulphs of time, and enables the imaginative mind to penetrate into the depths of the past. Years scarcely sufficed the pilgrim of the eleventh century to perform a journey to Palestine; and even lately a voyage to India was an affair of such moment, as seldom to be undertaken twice; whereas, now, Jerusalem is within twenty and Bombay not more than forty days from London. Sixteen days suffice for the modern tourist to compare the scene of the ministry of Joseph in Egypt and that of Peel in England—to reflect on the policy of the first and the last Corn Law on record. A single week is enough to transfer the courtier from the palace of Victoria, to that of Augustus, and three are sufficient to reach the capital of Constantine from the place of his birth (York). Fourteen days will take the classical student from the Tower of London to the Acropolis of Athens, where, seated on the Areopagos, he may at his leisure compare the late decision of the doctors of Oxford, with that of the theologians of Attica, who were equally stung by the similar reproof of "whom ye ignorantly worship," &c.

The following notes may not perhaps be unacceptable. Ancona, Trieste, and Marseilles, present three points of embarkation for Greece, respectively five, six, and nine days from Athens. Austrian or French steamers leave these ports every fortnight; the mails, from Marseilles, can be conveyed from London in ninety hours, and couriers require but very little longer to reach Trieste from London. But for those who would avoid fatigue, the most agreeable route to Marseilles is that of Rouen, Paris, and Chalon; whence steamers rapidly glide down the Saône and Rhone, by Lyons to Avignon. This last most interesting old city is only a ten or twelve hours' drive from Marseilles.

The voyage from Marseilles to Athens is rendered interesting by the touching of the boats at Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Malta. The annexed itinerary from Athens to London, will show how every day's journey is filled with objects of varied interest; they may be glanced at, in twenty-one to twenty-five days, but twice that period is not too

long to examine them with the attention they deserve.

The moment of sunrise and of sunset, at Athens, is proverbially one of the highest interest there. The morn is seldom or never with "russet mantle clad," as the British poets justly describe her, but still as "rosy-fingered" as when Homer for the last time beheld her illuminate the Cyclades from the island of Neos. The moment fixed by the Steam Navigation Company for departure from Athens, in May and June, is happily that of sunrise, and the crowd of travellers moving from the city to the Peiræus, (no longer between the long walls, but over the macadamized road partly formed of their ruins,) watches with interest the first rays dart above Hymettus, and strike, now the summits of Parnes, Egaleos, and Lycabettus; now the columns of the Parthenon, and lastly the low brown crest of the Munichian promontory. The olive groves are soon passed, the vestiges of the fortified towers of the lower city arrived at, and the light caique (kibotos) wafts the stranger from the well built quay to the deck of a smart little Austrian steamer, generally lying in that part of the harbour anciently called the Aphrodisian port. The Peiræus, which at the end of the war boasted but of two wooden huts, and the ruins of the old convent, is now a town of 2,000 or 2,500 inhabitants; with regular streets, good quays, and two respectable churches. The harbour is sufficiently large for four line of battle ships, three frigates, besides steamers, gunboats, and numerous small merchantmen. In the spring of 1844, it was thus occupied, and in the year preceding, the *Honee* was brought into the port by Admiral Mason, being the first three-decker which had ever entered the Porto Leone.* At six, the punctual Austrian passes through the ancient mole-heads, and leaving the tombs of the ancient and modern heroes of Greece, Themistocles, and Miaulis, near the Munichian point, sweeps by the bay of Salamis and the island at its mouth, where the Persian *guarda nobile* (the "Immortals" of Xerxes' household troops) perished.

The well known letter of Sulpicius, written in the age of Augustus, is the best description of the scene and the feelings of the sympathizing traveller, from Peiræus to the Isthmus, (the boat reaches its northern extremity in about four hours,)—Egina, Eleusis, Megara, Corinth, remain, as the Roman and the Turk, equally reckless for their happiness, left them, in ruins. Happily, the worship of Ceres is replaced by that of the Christian Jehovah, and the military tyranny of Roman laws by constitutional liberty, achieved by a gallant and industrious people. The graceful sigh of sympathy was all the Roman philosopher could bestow on Greece, after the butchery and pillage which had been committed by his countrymen there. But the benevolent feeling of Christian Europe compelled unwilling governments (after long delay, fatal to a third of her inhabitants) to assist in rescuing her from the hand of the infidel. France, England, and Russia lent her arms and money, when exhausted with victory, but they left her bound in absolutism and ignorance. Hellas has now again plumed her feathers like the eagle, and is balancing herself on the constitutional wings of a limited monarchy; while England and France are screening her from the frozen breath of the north, as she tries her pinions.

The Isthmus of Corinth is not only interesting from the remains of the city, which are remarkable only for some very ancient Doric columns of a temple of Neptune, and the Acropolis above (a magnificent natural fortress, from which the whole range of Parnassus and Helicon is seen), but for the vestiges of the Isthmian temples and wall. The ten hours (from 12 noon to 10 p.m.) between the arrival and sailing of the steam-boats on each side the Isthmus, gives ample time for investigating these remains, and horses and carriages are ready to take travellers the six miles to Corinth, or the four across to Lutraki; the solitary little bay where the boat from Trieste lies concealed, as if ashamed of the conquest over Neptune, in this his most sacred home and capital. The great wall of massive squared stones, strengthened by towers, crossed the Isthmus about a mile south of its northern limit, and may

still be traced. It was here that the Isthmian games were celebrated, and the Alsos, or sacred Grove round the Temple of Neptune, stretched along the wall. One fragment of a huge fluted column alone marks the site of the temple itself, and one chapel that of many of the minor fanes, shrines and statues recorded by Pausanias. Near this, on the east, is the vast hollow which once formed the famous Stadium, the sides still marking its extent, and the area blooming with green corn. The whole scene is exceedingly beautiful, diversified by hills and dales of limestone, covered with the sacred pine, which grows freely among the ruins, and the diminutive green glens. From every little summit is an enchanting view of the classic mountains long since consecrated to Pan, Ceres, or the Muses, while on all sides of this abandoned court of Neptune, his blue expanse of empire is to be seen. It is one of those few spots in the world where nature, history, and poetry combine to delight the imagination, and present successive pictures to the mind from the earliest times; when Dædalian art arose at Sicyon, when Greece became refined and free, when Rome triumphed in blood, and when Paul preached the great victory of peace. It was hence he drew his bold figure from the games; and Cenchræa is only six miles to the south, a deserted little bay. Nero's attempt to cut the Isthmus, is also to be traced on the west side by the sea near the wall, but extended only about one-third of the width of the isthmus.

The small depth of water on the west of the Isthmus, and the tedious navigation of so long a gulph as that of Corinth, land-locked by lofty mountains, and subject to calms and sudden tempests; as well as the insignificance of Corinth itself, and the small consumption of the country around, give no encouragement to a renewal of the attempt. There is no difficulty in the engineering part of the enterprise. As far as local navigation is concerned, two patent slips and a tramroad might easily be laid down, which, at small expense, would transport across the Isthmus the small craft which carry on the trade in the gulph, and this might be effected even without the aid of steam. At daylight, the steamer usually reaches Vostizza, a pretty town brought into some importance, as a centre for the *current* growth and exportation, and the capital of a respectable little province. In the ravines behind it, is a beautiful track which rises to the mountain summits, on which stands the renowned monastery of Megaspelion, the largest in Greece, and one of the most picturesque of all the holy retirements of the world. It bears comparison with the Chartreuse or Vallombrosa; and if it presents less of interest in the costly pomp of architecture or of sculpture, it should be rather honoured than despised for the absence of such luxury of worship. The brightest gem of Greece was, however, here preserved in the worst of times—her liberty, for when Ibrahim Pasha burnt the villages of the Morea, and occupied all the plains (excepting Maina), the families and wealth of many of the richest chiefs were brought here, and the convent was successfully defended against every attack.

Opposite Vostizza is the bay of Crissa, in which is Galaxide, and the Scala only a few miles from Delphi.

The southern shores of the Gulph of Corinth, are covered with plantations of the little grape we call currants (from Corinth) as far as Patras; this town is thirty miles from Vostizza, and without the two castles, which, approaching within about two miles of each other, command the entrance into the gulph.

Patras, with its castle and plain richly cultivated and its mountains in the rear, is not without beauty; the town is flourishing and one of the best built in Greece. It is the great *entrepôt* for the currant trade, and that with the islands, and indeed the whole of the Adriatic.

From Patras the Austrian steamer in an hour or two passes before the lagoons of Missolonghi, but the town lies five or six miles from the sea on the low coast, and is not discernible. Its three sieges, glorious defence, and final catastrophe, in 1827, when one part of the garrison cut its way through the enemy's lines, and the other blew up the building they had retired to, (thus involving in one common destruction Christian and Moslem, assailant

and defender,) have given it a name which only requires the halo of twenty centuries around it to raise it to an equality with Thermopylæ or with Saguntum. Another scene of glory is the site of the battle of Lepanto, which is in fact off the harbour of Missolonghi, just within the Curzolari islands, from which this great defeat of the Moslems by the Christian allies, takes its name. Could Don John of Austria, rising from his grave at Namur, have seen Austrian ships bringing across the scene of his victory provisions to the Turkish camp, and Christian engineers directing their artillery, he might have addressed them in terms even more severe than those of "the Royal Dane."

Revenge this foul and most unnatural murder.

And again—

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this.

The Fiore del Levante, Zante, is seen to the southwest, and Cephalonia, St. Maura, Ithaca passed on the east; the promontory of Actium, and the mouth of the Gulph of Arta, which forms the frontier of Greece, Anti Paxo (where it is said Cleopatra and Antony feasted before the battle of Actium), Paxo with the hapless Parga, and the mountains of Suli on the Main opposite it, successively fill the picture; and finally Corfu, the most important and largest of the islands of the Septinsular republic, raises its lofty head above the sea, and the steamer enters its harbour about twenty hours after leaving Patras, and thirty-six from the Isthmus. The Homeric recollections of Ulysses and Nausicaæ and Alcinoüs are perhaps the most interesting of all that is found of the ancient Corcyra; scarcely any ancient remains exist. But this is most amply made amends for, by the extreme picturesque beauty of the island, its rocks, mountains, bays, and olive groves, and lastly its fortifications and roads; in all which it is pre-eminent. And to an English eye the British grenadiers on duty, and the numbers of men and officers sauntering in undress uniforms about the citadel and town, form no unpleasant accompaniment to the landscape. The remodelling of the fortifications is now nearly completed, and the old Venetian works, which demanded a large army to defend them, have been converted into three citadels, of which two are very strong, and the third an island, said to be impregnable. Unhappily batteries are more easily raised and maintained than olive groves; the immense number on the island have lately given scarcely a tithe of their produce, and the islanders who almost disdain any other agriculture, and neglect the ground beneath the trees (contrary to the Italian custom), have been suffering great distress. The steamer reaches Ancona about forty-eight hours after she leaves Corfu; but as three days' quarantine is imposed on passengers by the Pope, few land; Ragusa and the Bocca di Cattaro, with Montenegro, on the Dalmatian coast, are not seen, and the only thing which breaks the monotony of these two days is the island of Lissa, famous in the history of the last war for the achievements of the gallant *Hoste* and his little squadron. Seventeen to twenty hours is the usual passage from Ancona to Trieste. The picturesque promontory of the Santa Casa di Loreto, and the citadel and lazaretto, are the most remarkable things of Ancona, with the exception of a good mole and a well preserved Roman arch (*temp. Trajan*). The fine harbour is ill filled by a few coasters, and the town itself a specimen of the mistakes and miseries of Papal rule. Trieste, founded by the Empress Maria Theresa, but a mere village till the destruction of Venice, has risen into opulence since the peace of 1814. It was declared a free port, and has served as an *entrepôt*, not only for Austria, the Milanese, Dalmatia, &c. but also between Europe and the Levant. The natural consequence has been, an immense extension of the town, which is now well-built and regular, with a wide canal and quays for the use of the shipping. There can scarcely be said to be a harbour, but the whole Adriatic closes in the semicircular roadstead before the town, into which a couple of small jetties are run out. The amphitheatre of mountains above renders it secure from all winds, for those from the south cannot blow home. The new streets are ex-

* This name was given in the Middle Ages, from the marble lions, which the Venetians subsequently carried away from the pier heads at the harbour mouth.

ceedingly well-built, with lofty, handsome stone houses. But the commercial genius and modern origin of the town are displayed in every part of it: with the exception of the Exchange and Theatre, there is no building raised for the purposes of luxury or pleasure, or of any interest in an architectural point of view. The Greek church is very richly decorated in the interior. In the year 1841, authentic returns show the imports into Trieste, ships 1,038, ditto coasters 7,164; goods, value, pounds sterling, 4,900,000; exports, ships, 1,035, ditto coasters, 8,000; goods, pounds sterling, 3,750,000. The great establishment of Austrian Lloyd's, a company which not only makes insurances, but which sends steamers over the Levant and Black Sea, is the most remarkable enterprise of the place. The railway from Vienna to Trieste is completed only as far as Gratz. Five steamers make the voyage to Venice, one every day, in about seven hours, and thence a railway from the shore to Padua takes travellers part of their journey towards Milan. Basle is now the best route, and the difference between the roads to it by Milan and the St. Gothard, or by the Tyrol and Constance, is not material. The slow revival of Venice of late years will be much aided by the completion of the breakwater at Maxamoco, and of the railway over arches from the city to the main land, a noble work, which another year may suffice to terminate. In 1841 the ships which entered the port of Venice were 4,152; tons, 276,894: ditto in 1842, 4,858; tons, 336,319; showing an increase of tonnage of more than one-fifth. In this the English trade, direct, has not participated. Of its many objects of interest for the stranger, Venice has lost scarcely any. The private collections of pictures have, indeed, been reduced considerably; many of them had disappeared twenty years ago. Its public gallery, library, arsenal, &c. are in their former state, and the Government is repairing many of these churches and other ancient buildings which are the peculiar monuments of Venetian art. Trieste is thus reached from Athens on the sixth, and Venice on the seventh, day, and the voyage is seldom prolonged above one day.

The distance from Venice to Milan, by Vicenza and Verona, is twenty-six hours of posting, and from Milan to Basle (via Lugano, St. Gothard, and Lucerne) forty-two hours, Basle to Strasburg by rail, and thence to Maintz, one day, Maintz to Aix one day, Aix to Ostend one day. The distance from Athens to London is thus reduced to twelve and a half days, which is all that is required by the couriers; in sixteen days the journey may be performed agreeably, and ten more will admit of seeing a great deal by the way.

The Cultivation of the Currant.

Cephalonia, July 1844.

I have made a great many inquiries as to the method of cultivating the currants grown in these islands (Cephalonia, Zante, &c.), and consulted many works that treat on the subject, so that combined with my own personal observations, I hope to be able to give you a true and particular account of everything connected with this subject—in the hope and belief that some of your West Indian readers, if there be any not yet quite ruined, may profit by it.

Currants are delicious in their raw state—we eat them regularly at breakfast. They grow exactly like grapes, in bunches, but each berry close to the other, so that they form a compact mass, something like a fir cone. They differ also from the common grape, in having no stones, that is to say, there is only one berry on each bunch (which they call the male currant) that has them. This one is always much larger than the others. They grow them in large fields, just like vineyards—but unlike the grape, the inhabitants take the greatest care of them—whereas the grape is allowed very much to take care of itself, the cultivator being quite satisfied to make the wretched country wine, which is not drinkable, instead of trying to improve the quality and render it fit for exportation, which I have no doubt might very easily be done: I have in fact tasted some very fair wine, something like champagne—the Zante wines too, are preferable to the Cephalonian, of a dry flavour, and if pains were taken with them they would make a very agreeable

table wine, something like those of the Cape. But to return to the currants. The islands at which they are principally cultivated, are Zante, Cephalonia, and Ithaca.

Abundance of water is necessary, and essential to the fertility of the currant vine, and the plantation is inclosed with mounds and ditches, provided with sluices, to let in or keep out the water as may be necessary. The vines are planted in rows, with perfect regularity, three or four feet asunder. A new plantation is formed, either by layers, shoots (cuttings), or grafting the currant on the common vine. The latter is the best. The shoots (cuttings) are cut in December, and planted in spring. It requires six or seven years to bring them to full bearing. The grafts produce in three or four years. The proper pruning of these vines is the great thing to be attended to. In December, the dead, weakly and unpromising branches, are cut off. In January, the remaining branches are curtailed—three or four eyes only are generally left. Each eye throws out three branches, one large and one small on each side. The large one only bears. In February, the earth is scooped out, about the roots, to warm them. In April, the surface is levelled. Manure is not generally used. The ends of the shoots of the currant vine are not broken. Some say they are always supported by stakes, but here this is seldom done. Great care must be taken that the shoots are not broken, so much so, that an annual general order comes out, forbidding us to shoot, or allow our dogs to hunt in the vineyards. The gathering takes place about August. The fruit is generally ripe enough for eating about the middle of July, and is much more agreeable to the taste, than when it is fully ripe, as it becomes then almost too sweet. Unlike other fruits, they say here that while in its three-quarter ripe state it may be eaten with impunity, but that it becomes unwholesome when perfectly ripe. As soon as the fruit is fully ripe, when it is almost black, it is carried to the drying ground, which is a spot in the vineyard, cleared and levelled, sometimes flagged and covered with a coating of cow-dung. The fruit is then exposed to the sun and frequently turned until perfectly dry. It is then separated from the stalk, and brought to the magazine—over one of which I am at this moment sitting, the houses here having in fact no habitable ground floor, the whole of it being taken up by these magazines; and a dreadful nuisance they are—for at the time of packing the stench is intolerable, and the hallooing, fighting, and swearing amongst the labourers, in that odious modern Greek which they manage, when in a rage, to speak in a high squeaking tone, through the nose, is a dreadful way of being roused in the morning. Before exportation the currant is packed in casks, and trodden down by the dirtiest Greeks, with naked feet, so that the quantity of dirt in an English plum-pudding may be guessed at. When the currants are drying the fears of the grower are highest, for should rain come they are lost; a single shower destroys immense quantities, and anything like heavy rain entirely destroys the crop. Cephalonia has 6,242 acres of currant plantation, Zante has 6,440 acres; they make no wine of them, they are too valuable for that. I tasted some made by a private gentleman, but it was sweet and sickly.

CHARACTERS IN 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.'

[Concluding Notice.]

BENEDICK AND BEATRICE IN LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

As we have hinted already, the right interpretation of our heroine's character depends materially on a clear understanding of the spirit of those two scenes between her and Benedick, which relate to their mutual avowal of love, and their joint determination to call her cousin's accuser to account.

We see them, in the first place, repairing to the nuptials of their respective friends, Count Claudio and the lady Hero, each of them eager, not to exult in the other's humiliation, but to remove the other's anxiety. The strange turn, however, which the bridal takes, and the tragic circumstances in which it places the intended bride, give a new interest and a fresh complication to the moral relations already subsisting between signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice. Benedick, we must observe, is

no more in the secret of the supposed discovery on the part of the prince and count, and the intended repudiation, than Beatrice herself. He may well, then, be utterly confounded at Claudio's first ejaculations before the altar: "Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!"—and exclaim in his turn "How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as ha! ha! ha!" Like the rest of the bystanders, he remains in sheer amazement during the whole of the extraordinary accusation and ignominious rejection, merely once exclaiming "This looks not like a nuptial," until the lady sinks down fainting under the stunning weight and suddenness of the blow. It is now that Beatrice first opens her lips on this occasion; and her very first words show us that the outrageous imputation against her gentle cousin, her bosom friend, and even bedfellow, finds not a moment's admittance into her belief:—

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

Don John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light, smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.]

Ben. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think.—Help, uncle!—Hero! why, Hero!—

Uncle!—signior Benedick!—Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore!—why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood? &c.

Since Benedick is not at all in the confidence of his friend the count, and his princely patron, as to their alleged observations respecting the conduct of Hero, we see him, when her accusers have retired from the scene, remaining with perfect propriety, except the officiating ecclesiastic, the only impartial adviser and consoler of the afflicted family. We sometimes find it argued, to the dramatist's prejudice, that the father, in this case, lends too ready credence to the gross charges against his daughter: but it should be carefully observed, that it is no less trustworthily a personage than his own beloved and respected sovereign, this same Pedro of Arragon, who tells Leonato by his own lips—

Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window, &c.

All this solemn asseveration, followed by the drooping silence of the lady, may well excuse that momentary conviction in her father's mind, under which he gives that first passionate expression to his grief—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes, &c.—

at the end of which Benedick, though equally confounded, says, to pacify him,—

Sir, air, be patient:

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beatrice alone, having better reasons than any of them, falters not in her opinion of her friend—

Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Hereupon, the sagacity of Benedick suggests to him a question, the answer to which both exemplifies the noble candour of Beatrice herself, and shows us how exclusively her unshaken faith in her cousin's innocence rests upon her intimate knowledge of her character, independently of all external testimony or suspicious circumstance whatsoever. When asked—

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

she unhesitatingly admits;—

No, truly, not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow;—

and so, enforces the temporary conviction in the mind of Leonato:—

Confirm'd, confirm'd! Oh, that is stronger made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her—let her die!

But now comes the observing judgment of the sagacious and eloquent friar, in support of Beatrice's positive deduction from her thorough acquaintance with the heart and the spirit of her friend:—

Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire.
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

And when, in reply to her father's objection that "she not denies it," and to the friar's question, Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

she has made that more explicit denial of the charge which her first confusion had incapacitated her from doing, the worthy ecclesiastic declares, more confidently than ever,—

There is some strange misprision in the princes.

The first ray of light as to the source of such mistake, is immediately thrown by Benedick himself:—

Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdom be mislaid in the matter,
The practice of it lives in Join the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanous.

And though Leonato still remains in suspense, the balance of probability in his mind is reasonably turned:—

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her. If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor ago so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

And when the Friar has proposed the expedient of keeping Hero secluded for awhile, and representing her as dead, Benedick, still more impressed by the reverend adviser's arguments, pledges himself to strict concurrence in the scheme:—

Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should wish of your body.

On the other hand, his first words to Beatrice, when they are left alone at the end of this scene—"Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?"—show, in a very interesting manner, how completely we have passed from the lighter side of our heroine's character—"pleasant-spirited" and "merry-hearted"—to the exhibition of its graver aspect. And how finely does the whole tone of the ensuing dialogue, where both parties are desiring an affectionate explanation, contrast with their previous colloquies, replete with the spirit of mutual irritation. We see, also, that the injury done to Hero, however distressing in itself, affords a relief to both lovers on the present occasion; since, by presenting to them an unforeseen object of common and pathetic interest, it wonderfully facilitates that reciprocal avowal at which each of them is anxious to arrive, but the approach to which, after the terms on which they have hitherto encountered one another, each may well find embarrassing:—

Ben. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Ben. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason—I do it freely.

Ben. Surely, I do believe your fair countenance is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Ben. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Ben. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

That is, let us observe (since this sentence from the lady is sometimes misconstrued), "It is a man's office, but not the office of a man standing in the friendly relation that you do to the offending parties." Benedick knows well the import of this answer; and therefore, to remove the objection, opens his heart at once, by telling her, "I do love nothing in the world so well as you—is not that strange?" We would willingly rest the whole interpretation of our heroine's character, as regards its capability of generous and lasting affection, upon the spirit of the following piece of dialogue. Coquetry, or vanity of any sort, would have dictated to her a course dia-

metrically opposite to the frank though modest manner in which she meets her lover's declaration:

Ben. I do love nothing in the world so well as you—is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you.—But believe me not—and yet I lie not—I confess nothing—nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Ben. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Ben. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Ben. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!—

Ben. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Ben. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest!

After this bounding forward of her heart, as it were, to meet the earnest offer of his own, Benedick may well exclaim so eagerly, "Come, bid me do anything for thee,"—little as he is prepared for the peremptory reply, "Kill Claudio." He is, in fact, now called upon to choose at once between his friendship and his love; for Beatrice's intellect, no less than her heart, dictates to her that this, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, is the proper test of his affection; and she therefore proceeds unflinchingly to apply it:—

Ben. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Ben. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me, to deny it.—Farewell.

Ben. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Ben. Beatrice—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Ben. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Ben. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? Oh, that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

Ben. Hear me, Beatrice—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Ben. Nay, but Beatrice—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged; she is slandered; she is undone!

Ben. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony! a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! Oh, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliments, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving!

Ben. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Ben. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Ben. Enough—I am engaged—I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead—and so, farewell.

Respecting this very significant passage, Mrs. Jameson makes the mistake of ascribing Beatrice's persevering incitement of her lover to challenge her friend's accuser, not to that earnest desire for her injured cousin's vindication in the only practicable way, which really inspires it, but merely to the impulses of "a haughty, excitable, and violent temper." Her indignation," proceeds the fair critic, "and the eagerness with which she hungers and thirsts after revenge, are, like the rest of her character, open, ardent, impetuous, but not deep or implacable. When she bursts into that outrageous speech, 'Is he not approved in the height a villain,' &c.,—and when she commands her lover, as the first proof of his affection, to 'Kill Claudio,'—the very consciousness of the exaggeration—of the contrast between the real good-nature of Beatrice and the fierce tenor of her language, keeps alive the comic effect, mingling the ludicrous with the serious."

But it is not *revenge* for herself, it is *justice*, *reparation* to her beloved and calumniated cousin, that our heroine is here pursuing. It is not, therefore, implacability of resentment that is in question, but immutability of resolution to enforce redress—

which unshaken determination she most amply and

most reasonably evinces. Benedick, on the other hand, finds himself in a dilemma from which there is no honourable escape, except by formally espousing his mistress's quarrel against his friend on behalf of her cousin's honour. He becomes thus compromised the moment that he makes to the lady in person the solemn protestation of his affection, which we have cited above. Beatrice, heart-broken at her "sweet Hero's" wrong and affliction, argues most logically and truly, that if her lover be sincere in his protestation, he *must*, were it at the cost of all other friendship in the world, show himself that champion of her own peace, her cousin's fame, and her family's reputation, which he has constituted himself by that very declaration. So that the interests of her love, no less than of her friendship, are concerned in pressing upon him this test of the seriousness of his attachment. Mrs. Jameson, we see, finds it "outrageous" that she should say of Claudio, "Is he not approved in the height a villain," &c. But herein, Beatrice only anticipates the judgment on the matter, which, in the following scene between Leonato and his brother Antonio, we find adopted by the gravest and sagest members of her family:—

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;

Make those that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so;

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;

And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

What means, indeed, hitherto, has any one of Hero's relatives, of singling out an individual author of her defamation? Believing now religiously in her innocence,—if they, a family of the highest name, rank, and character, will not do the meanness most impossible to such persons, of sitting down quietly under such ignominious wrong,—if they will seek redress at all, what can they do but, in the first place, call to account the man immediately responsible—the ostensibly principal accuser and injurer? Accordingly, we find Hero's father and her uncle addressing their demand of satisfaction primarily and pointedly to Claudio, in terms little more measured than those of Beatrice herself:—

Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,

That I am forc'd to try my reverence by;

And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart;

And she lies buried with her ancestors,

Oh, in a tomb where never scandal slept.

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Claudio. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

And the language of Antonio's anger, on the same occasion, in spite of his reverend years, quite matches that of Beatrice in its alleged "outrageousness":—

God knows, I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkops!

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,

Go anticly, and show an outward hideousness,

And speak off half-a-dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies—if they durst;

And this is all.

When we contemplate this animated picture of affliction and provocation, possessing a whole noble family, and seeking relief in the only course that seems open towards reparation of such bitter injury, it seems really extraordinary that a female critic of Mrs. Jameson's discernment should tell us, respecting our heroine's share in these sufferings and this desire of relief, that "our consciousness of the contrast between the real good-nature of Beatrice and the fierce tenor of her language, keeps alive the comic effect, mingling the ludicrous with the serious." How, on such an occasion, was her "good-nature" to have any place as regards the destroyer of her cousin's honour and happiness? It is, indeed, her best nature of all—her generously affectionate feeling for her gentle and afflicted cousin—that absolutely dictates the "fierce tenor of her language," which, so far from having anything in it really "comic" or "ludicrous," has an effect the more serious, the more tragic, for its very contrast with the joyous-hearted effusions of her earlier and happier moments.

This strange overlooking of the true, deep, and disinterested motive which makes Beatrice urge her lover to the hostile proceeding against Claudio, betrays the authorship of the 'Characteristics' into a yet more serious derogation from the generosity of this heroine, as well as from the good sense and manliness of the hero. Respecting this same declaration scene, she tells us:

"Here, again, the dominion rests with Beatrice, and she appears in a less amiable light than her lover. Benedick surrenders his whole heart to her and to his new passion. The revulsion of feeling even causes it to overflow in an excess of fondness; but with Beatrice, temper has still the mastery. The affection of Benedick induces him to challenge his intimate friend for her sake, but the affection of Beatrice does not prevent her from risking the life of her lover."

We have sufficiently shown already, that it is not "temper," as Mrs. Jameson phrases it, but just principle and generous feeling combined, that actuate the heroine to place her lover in this hostile position towards her cousin's traducer, whom he can no longer, consistently with his protestations to herself, consider as his friend. The moment before he made these solemn professions, she had told him respecting the righting of her cousin's wrong, "It is a man's office, but not yours." The moment after he has made them, she tells him what is equivalent to saying, "It is now your office, beyond all other men," especially since, according to all appearance, the only male members of the family in the way, to take up the quarrel, are the aged father and uncle, Leonato and Antonio.

But it is the fair critic's imputation against Beatrice's affection, that it "does not prevent her from risking the life of her lover," which here demands especial notice. The writer, in this instance, has not only overlooked that affection of Beatrice for her cousin which is the deepest impulse of her heart, but has committed a more important oversight still in imagining that her instigation of Benedick on this occasion compromises the generosity of her affection towards him. On the contrary, this is the most convincing proof of its truth and worthiness. As a man of honour, adopting Beatrice's conviction of Hero's innocence, Benedick is no longer at liberty to decline the office of his champion; and this drama, let us observe, is laid in the time when, however it may be now-a-days, a woman of spirit as well as tenderness would have shrunk from the remotest idea of requiting her lover in so mean a sense, as to risk his honour for fear of risking his life. The more dearly she loved him, the more she loved his honour, as the dearest part of him to a woman worthy of his affection. Truly, this, amongst other degenerate notions about feminine attachment which continually meet our eye, especially as regards the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters, is enough to make one exclaim, not only that the days of chivalry are gone, but that the very memory of their noblest ideas and feelings must have departed also.

Moreover, this same critical error regarding our heroine's motives, would lower the hero, on this occasion, from the conscious and deliberate agent of a generous redress, to the merely blind and weak tool of his mistress's individual resentment—a debasement little to be looked for in the man whom we have heard his royal patron pronouncing to be "of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty." Nor let us forget that the same good authority has informed us, "—and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear." This, by-the-by, was said in the arbour scene, where our hero's friends little anticipated that the success of their humorous plot was to bring upon themselves so signal a specimen of his wisdom "in the managing of quarrels." As the climax of earnest purpose, as well as generous feeling, in Beatrice's character, appears in the scene where she persuades her lover to the challenge, so the full seriousness of Benedick's is finely brought out in that where he delivers it—the more so by the bold contrast of his language here—speaking, to borrow his own phrase, "plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a

soldier"—with that bantering tone which his late friends the prince and count, finding themselves "high-proof melancholy," can less than ever help indulging. Now, in short, it is that Beatrice and he stand fairly revealed to us as the most deeply tragic personages of the piece.

Then, again, follows the scene which exhibits to us yet more decidedly that steadiness of generous purpose as well as feeling in the heroine, which, we see, has been too much mistaken for mere angry wilfulness:—

Ben. Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then is spoken; fare you well now;—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Ben. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

But she is not yet assured of the fact of the challenge:—

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkind.

Ben. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward.

And now the lady is at liberty to indulge through the rest of the scene, though still in her own sportive way, her sentiments of love and gratitude:—

Ben. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain so politic a state of evil, that they will not permit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Ben. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart. I think. Alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Mrs. Jameson, amongst others, makes the very essential mistake of interpreting this last sentence of Benedick's as an admission that he and his mistress cannot even make love without wrangling,—and hence infers, naturally enough, that they can hardly be expected to live harmoniously after marriage. But let any attentive observer well consider those very words of Beatrice immediately preceding, which draw this remark from her lover. Are they not a most intelligible effusion of the frankest and most grateful affection, towards the man who had so promptly and decisively undertaken the championship of her friend,—from the woman who, just before his avowal to herself, had so ardently exclaimed in relation to her fair cousin's wrong, "Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!"—an effusion which, to a man of Benedick's character, is made doubly delightful by the piquant veil of pleasantry under which it is conveyed. Shakespeare knew both mankind and womankind too well, not to know how much more precious to a man of lively intelligence is the tenderness of a woman who possesses vivacious intellect besides, than that of a woman *all* tenderness. To such a pair, the "wooing peaceably," in the sense in which Benedick really uses the word—that is, sentimentally, in the languishing sense—would have been wearisome insipidity. And for them to live together, in the like sense, "peaceably" after marriage, would assuredly be more wearisome still. Possessing each that warm, sound, and generous heart which we have seen them so freely exhibit and exchange, this same sportive encounter of their wits which must ever continue between them, is precisely the thing that will keep them in good humour with each other.

Such is manifestly the constant anticipation of their common friends, as we find in the subsequent scenes, when they are once more left at leisure to entertain the subject, by that disclosure of Don John's villainous contrivance which finally restores the affair of Hero and her lover to its former happy and prosperous position.

Yet we find Mrs. Jameson, in opposition to the evident meaning of the dramatist, closing her account of Beatrice with a considerably sinister augury as to the amount of domestic happiness that she is to bestow upon her husband:—

"On the whole," says she, "we dismiss Benedick and Beatrice to their matrimonial bonds, rather with a sense of amusement, than a feeling of congratula-

tion or sympathy; rather with an acknowledgment that they are well-matched, and worthy of each other, than with any well-founded expectation of their domestic tranquillity. If, as Benedick asserts, they are both 'too wise to woo peaceably,' it may be added, that both are too wise, too witty, and too wilful, to live peaceably together. We have some misgivings about Beatrice—some apprehensions that poor Benedick will not escape the 'predestinate scratched face' which he had foretold to him who should win and wear this quick-witted and pleasant-spirited lady. Yet when we recollect that to the wit and imperious temper of Beatrice is united a magnanimity of spirit which would naturally place her far above all selfishness, and all paltry struggles for power,—when we perceive, in the midst of her sarcastic levity and volubility of tongue, so much of generous affection, and such a high sense of female virtue and honour, we are inclined to hope the best. We think it possible that though the gentleman may now and then swear, and the lady scold, the native good-humour of the one, the really fine understanding of the other, and the value they so evidently attach to each other's esteem, will ensure them a tolerable portion of domestic felicity,—and in this hope we leave them."

A tolerable portion of domestic felicity, indeed!—what a fate, for two such people!—even as Dogberry saith, "most tolerable, and not to be endured!" Mr. Campbell is more merciful—he would rescue them from such intolerably tolerable bliss. In his late prefatory "Remarks," after complimenting Beatrice as "a disagreeable female character," "a tartar, by Shakespeare's own showing," &c., he delivers over her and her bridegroom the following nuptial benediction:—

"The marriage of the marriage-hating Benedick and the furiously anti-nuptial Beatrice, is brought about by a trick. Their friends contrive to deceive them into a belief that they love each other; and partly by vanity, partly by a mutual affection which had been disguised under the bickerings of their wit, they have their hands joined, and the consolations of religion are administered, by the priest who marries them, to the unhappy sufferers. Mrs. Jameson, in her Characters of Shakespeare's women, concludes with hoping that Beatrice will live happy with Benedick; but I have no such hope; and my final anticipation in reading the play is, the certainty that Beatrice will provoke her Benedick to give her much and just conjugal castigation. She is an odious woman. Her own cousin says of her,

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, &c.

I once knew such a pair; the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she rallied hypocritically at wedlock before marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world."

That any of our critic's married friends should be living so very uncomfortably, we are bound sincerely to regret; but it still more behoves us to protest, once more, definitively and decidedly, against so perverted a view of this heroine's character, and so grave an imputation as this passage involves, against the genius of Shakespeare—that, in the very zenith of his dramatic and poetic powers, he should have brought so sound-hearted and vigorous as well as "pleasant-spirited" a play to such a "lame and impotent conclusion."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is with great sympathy and apprehension that we learn that Dr. Wolff is yet forcibly detained in Bokhara, the homicidal Khan having declared that the Doctor shall not be set at liberty till after his return from Khokan, against which country the barbarian despot has undertaken an expedition. It is earnestly to be hoped that the benevolent missionary may not share the fate of Conolly and Stoddart.

The death of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary must be regretted by every lover of earnest and severe scholarship; a kind of literary man now unfortunately too rare. Mr. Cary well deserved the place in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, which on Wednesday last was granted to his remains. His translation of Dante is one of the master-pieces in our language, and will ensure his name an abiding

place in our literature, in connexion with that of the Florentine poet. Nor is his version of Pindar less deserving of notice, though most unjustly neglected. A correspondent of the *Times* has given a brief memoir of him; and as, from that modesty which always accompanies extraordinary merit, the amiable and accomplished author himself has left few auto-biographical notices, we think it desirable to refer to the statement, though on some points it is strangely erroneous. "At the early age of fifteen," says the writer, "Mr. Cary published an ode on the death of Kosciuszko, which attracted public notice, and was mentioned in several periodicals of the day as giving evidence of great youthful genius." Here is evidently some blundering, for Kosciuszko was alive nearly twenty years after this ode was published; neither could it have been written by Cary at fifteen. The facts, we believe, are these: the poem referred to as written at the age of fifteen, was 'An Ode to General Elliot,' and published in 1787. This was followed, the next year, by 'Sonnets and Odes,' and ten years after, or in 1797, by the 'Ode to Kosciuszko.' The memoir writer thus proceeds, we believe correctly:—"At the age of eighteen, he was entered as a commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, where he proceeded to the degree of M.A. While at Oxford, he pursued his studies with unremitting diligence; and not being shackled by the stringent rules of modern academical instruction, made himself conversant not only with the great authors of antiquity, but with almost the whole range of Italian, French, and English literature, as the notes to the first edition of the translation of Dante fully evidenced. In 1805, he published the 'Inferno' of Dante in English blank verse, with the text of the original. An entire translation of the 'Divina Commedia' appeared in 1814, but the work lay almost unnoticed for several years, until Samuel Taylor Coleridge, forming at the same time an acquaintance with the translator and his great work, drew public attention to its merits; from that time the work has taken its place among our standard English authors. To this Mr. Cary afterwards added a translation of the 'Birds' of Aristophanes and of the 'Odes' of Pindar. But, perhaps, the not least valuable part of his literary labours is to be found in his continuation of Johnson's 'Lives of the English Poets,' and his 'Lives of Early French Poets,' all of which have hitherto only appeared anonymously in the old *London Magazine*. In 1826, he was appointed assistant librarian in the British Museum, which office he resigned about six years since. From that period he had continued his literary labours with almost youthful energy, having edited the poetical works of Pope, Cowper, Milton, Thomson, and Young, together with a fourth edition of his own Dante, to which he added many valuable notes. The late Government marked its sense of his literary merits by granting him a pension of 200*l.* a year."

From Carlsbad we learn the death of Herr Wolfgang A. Mozart, the second son of the immortal composer, and himself a distinguished musical author and pianist. The 'Requiem' of his great father was performed on the occasion of his funeral by a body of 500 professors and *dilettanti*.

A dinner was given, last week, by the professors and admirers of the art of Miniature Painting, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. A. Robertson, on the occasion of his retirement from the practice of his profession, which was attended by many of the Academicians, and a large body of his professional friends and brethren. The memorial consisted of a massive Silver Salver, containing the following inscription:—"Presented to Andrew Robertson, Esq., Miniature Painter to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, by the undersigned members of that branch of the profession of which he has, so long, been a distinguished ornament, as a tribute of respect for his talents as an artist, and esteem for his character as a man:—Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.; Sir G. Hayter, M.A.S.L.; Sir W. J. Newton; A. E. Chalon, R.A.; J. Robertson, M.I.A. St. P.; S. Lover, R.H.A.; R. Thorburn; T. Carrick; F. Cruikshank; C. Couzens; W. Watson; W. Booth."

The colossal statue of Goethe, destined for one of the squares of his native place, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, has been cast at the royal foundry of Munich, after the model of Schwanthaler, and is now exhibiting to visitors. The poet is clothed in the costume

of his day, wearing a mantle. The eyes are cast heavenward, his right arm rests on the trunk of an oak tree, and in his left hand he holds a laurel crown. The subjects of the bas-reliefs which adorn the pedestal, are supplied by the poet's own works. In front are three figures, personating respectively the natural sciences, dramatic and lyric poetry. On the opposite side are seen, to the right, Gaets of Berlichingen, Egmont, Tasso, and a fawn; on the left, the Bride of Corinth, Prometheus, and the Bride of Aulmes. One of the lateral surfaces represents Iphigenia, Orestes, Thoas, Faust, and Mephistopheles; the other Mignon, Wilhelm-Meister, the Harpist, Hermann, and Dorothea.

Some of our architects may, perhaps, be glad to have their attention called to an advertisement which appears in the English journals, proposing a public competition for the plan of a House of Assembly for the Hungarian Diet, and offering for the best a prize of 800 Imperial ducats. The English artist is referred for prospectus and all further particulars to Mr. Rodwell, in New Bond Street.

When we alluded last week to the reported resignation of the Pacha of Egypt, we also mentioned that a son and grandson of his Highness, and other young men of distinguished families, were proceeding to Paris for the purpose of completing their education. We have since received a letter from a correspondent, who is on his return from Egypt, dated, "Quarantine Harbour, Malta, August 2, on board the steamer *Errashut*, belonging to his Highness Mohammed Ali," from which the following are extracts:—"We arrived yesterday, and, to-day, shall continue our voyage to Marseilles. The *Errashut* is a vessel of war, and laden with the *élite* of young Egypt to complete their course of civilization in Paris. We have on board Haseyn Bey, son of the Viceroy, Ahmed Bey, son of Ibrahim Pasha, and the sons of several other bashas, with about nineteen Egyptians selected from the military schools. They are accompanied by Stephan Effendi, an Armenian, a most accomplished man, of elegant manners, who has heretofore been in Europe, and who is to direct the mission, composed of thirty-six individuals. Several of the young men speak Arabic, Turkish, and some French and Persian also. I fear we shall be long kept in quarantine at Marseilles, as the plague was at Alexandria when we left."

We lately announced the arrival of a party of fourteen Ioway Indians, and they are now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. Taken altogether, the group, with their shorn and crested heads and barbarous costume, is exceedingly picturesque: they are larger and taller than the Ojibbeways, and the three chiefs fine specimens of physical humanity, more than six feet high. For the rest, there is nothing in their performances that to the civilized man can appear extraordinary, except its rudeness and mere elementary character,—their dancing is stamping, their singing is shouting, and their music is noise.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has held its annual public meeting, for the distribution of its prizes and rewards. This year, as last, the Academy has been unable to acknowledge the literary solution of the question annually propounded by itself, the prize for which is a medal of 2,000 francs' value. Three of these prizes now remain in abeyance; that for 1839, whose subject is as follows:—"To inquire into the origin, migrations, and succession of the populations who have inhabited to the northward of the Black and Caspian Seas, from the third century to the close of the eleventh; to determine, as exactly as possible, the limits occupied by each of these, at different periods; to examine if they are connected, in whole or in part, to any of the nations now existing; and to fix the chronological series of the different invasions of Europe made by these several nations;" that for 1843, its subject—"A critical examination of the historians of Constantine the Great, in comparison with the various monuments of his reign;" and that for the present year—"To trace the history of the wars which, from the Emperor Gordian's time to the invasion of the Arabs, took place between the Romans and the Persian kings of the Sassanide dynasty, and whose theatre was the basin of the Euphrates and the Tigris, from the Orontes as far as Media, between Erzerum on the north, and Ctesiphon and Petra on the south." The prize now proposed, for 1846, has the following for its theme:—"The critical examination of the

succession of the Egyptian dynasties, from the historical texts and the national monuments." The Gobert prizes were then distributed: the great prize of 9000 francs to M. Henri Martin, for his *Histoire de France*, and the smaller to M. Alexis Montell, for his *Histoire des Français des divers Etats*. The three gold medals of the Academy were bestowed as follows:—the first for a manuscript memoir on "Ingeburga of Denmark, queen of France," whose author, M. Géraud, a pupil of the Ecole des Chartes, has, since he presented it, fallen a victim to the severity of his studies: the second to M. Marchegay, another pupil of the same establishment, for a collection entitled *Archives d'Ajou*; and the third to M. de la Teyssonière, for his *Recherches Historiques sur le département de l'Ain*. The extraordinary riches of this competition has further induced the Minister of Public Instruction to bestow an extra medal on the present occasion—to be shared between M. Chéruel, for his *Histoire de Rouen pendant l'Epoque Communale*, and M. Edouard Le Glay, for his *Histoire des Comtes de Flandres*. Speaking of the distribution of prizes, we may state that the King of the French has bestowed no fewer than 1,733 honorary rewards, in crosses, and medals of gold, silver, and bronze as the closing scene of the grand Trade Exhibition! The annual numismatic prize, founded by the late M. Allier de Hauteroche, was awarded to M. Gennaro Riccio, for his work on the "Coins of the Roman Families."

Closing of the Present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a SELECTION of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTER and DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS, IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening, and will be CLOSED on SATURDAY, the 31st instant.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL.—This Exhibition WILL CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, the 29th inst. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTION.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK. THE TWO PICTURES now exhibiting represent the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till Six.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S EXPERIMENT.—In consequence of the DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSION of BRIGHTON the Directors of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION yield to the generally expressed wish that Dr. Ryan should adapt one of his LECTURES to the subject of EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS. This Lecture, illustrated by interesting experiments so far as they can be shown with perfect safety, will be delivered daily at half-past Three, and in the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at a Quarter to Nine o'clock. PROFESSOR BACHOFFNER'S LECTURES, and all the other subjects of interest in the Institution.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—August 6.—R. W. Barchard, Esq., in the chair.—Two magnificent specimens of *Fuchsia exoniensis* were contributed by J. Cook, Esq. This *Fuchsia* is well known to produce flowers of the finest colour and best form; but when it was shown at a former exhibition, some doubts were entertained with respect to its habit of growth. Mr. Cook's specimens, however, furnished proof that this kind has not only the finest blossoms of any sort we yet possess, but has also an excellent habit. These plants were upwards of 5 feet high, and their gracefully drooping branches, covering the pot, were loaded with blossoms, and were clothed from top to bottom with abundance of fine healthy foliage with showy blossoms.—From Messrs. Henderson, was a fine mass of *Achimenes hirsuta*, in profuse bloom, growing in a shallow pan. Messrs. Henderson stated that they grow all the varieties of *Achimenes* in shallow pans, and they imagine that the plants flower much better under such treatment than when they are planted in deep pots. It is probable that this, as well as some of the other sorts which are apt to become too luxuriant, and consequently flower but sparingly, would do better if they were grown on blocks, and were treated similarly to *Orchidaceae* epiphytes. This has been partly proved in the garden of the Horticultural Society, where a bulb of *A. pedunculata* accidentally got into the moss on a block along with one of the *Orchidaceae* plants, where it is now growing, and although one of the worst of them to flower, it is quite a mass of bloom.—C. Winn, Esq. was awarded a Banksian Medal for a handsome Brown Providence Pine, weighing 6 lb. 11 oz., and measuring 18 in. round, and 9 in. high. Mr. Belton, the gardener, stated that the plant from which this was cut is only 12 months old; the

sucker was taken off the old stool without roots in 1843, it was potted, and in February last was turned out of the pot into the bark-bed and planted in chopped turf mixed with a small quantity of charcoal. The plant had been only five times watered with liquid manure since February. Mr. Belton writes, that beside this, three other plants of the same age produced fruit each exceeding 6 lb. in weight.—The Rev. T. Thurlow sent a large mass of fruit of *Musa Cavendishii* which was over-ripe in the centre, while the point was quite green, thus showing the fruit, which ripens in succession, in the different stages of growth.—From the garden of the Society was a new variety of *Dendrobium secundum*, received from Mr. Fortune, who found it growing about Anger Point. It produces beautiful racemes of dark purple blossoms, which are quite different from the pale flowers of the old species.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—August 5.—J. Reynolds, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. J. Tatham, jun., and Mr. G. S. Gibson presented specimens of a new British plant, *Spergularia stricta* (Sw.), discovered by them (in company with some other botanists) in June last, near the top of Widdy Bank Fell, Durham, about ten miles west of Middleton, in Teesdale, and five from the High Force.—Mrs. A. Stovin presented specimens of *Anemone ranunculoides*, found in a wood near Workop, Nottinghamshire, and in a letter to the secretary, Mrs. S. observes, “The more I see and hear of this plant in the Nottingham situation, the more I am convinced of its being new.”

The concluding portion of Mr. Lees's paper, ‘On the British fruticose species of *Rubus*’ was read, and several specimens and drawings exhibited in illustration of the views contained in the essay.

FINE ARTS

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES.

THE return of Mr. Fellows from his recent expedition to Asia Minor, the second which he has undertaken under the auspices of Government (the fourth since 1838), and some of the circumstances and results attending his operations at Xanthus during the winter, have been already chronicled in this journal. The important acquisitions of this last excursion have been landed from the *Queen* in 120 cases: seven or eight more are on their passage to England. Of those already arrived, the greater portion are unpacked, and for the present deposited in some of the courts and vaults of the British Museum, until the new gallery, now preparing for the reception of the whole collection, shall be finished. This is in a state of forwardness, consisting of a spacious and lofty hall on the west side of the building, opening out of the galleries which are to receive the Townley Marbles, and immediately above the hall designed for the Greek inscriptions. All the contemplated arrangements, as well as we can judge from their present state, will be on a fitting, therefore on a magnificent, scale. No further expedition to Asia Minor is contemplated, we believe, either by Government or by the enterprising and public-spirited traveller to whom we owe these extraordinary relics. All has been removed which is removable or worth removing; and the XANTHIAN COLLECTION may now be considered as complete. All honour be to him, to whose disinterested and patriotic exertions we owe the possession of these marvellous works! To few men is it granted at once to immortalize themselves and enrich their country; and Mr. Fellows will reap his best and only recompense in the grateful and perpetual remembrance which will for ever link his name with these national treasures.

The larger portion of the fragments brought hither in 1842 have been for the last year in the British Museum, and must have become familiar to many of our readers. There, in the Saloon, may be daily seen multitudes gazing up in wonder at that mysterious Harpy-Tomb, which in spite of the disquisitions and interpretations of the learned, remains still an enigma and a stumbling-block. The marbles recently arrived are now lying about in the court-yards; some more susceptible of injury, as the inscribed stones, casts, and lesser fragments, are deposited in the vaults: hither antiquarians, historians, artists, come with eager curiosity to examine, to compare, to investigate; some anxious to prop up old theories,

others full of some new hypothesis which is to invalidate the old; some poring over “arrow-headed” inscriptions; some examining the vestiges of colour, which once gave added relief and more vivid beauty to these memorials of a style of art which could only have existed in the softest and sunniest of climates. Without being, however, either professed historian, or professed antiquarian, or professed anything, one must be dull indeed, and forgetful of the earliest associations, the brightest images which poetry and history have enshrined in the young fancy, could we walk among these relics—even thus scattered round in a strange disorder—without a thrill of awe,—so do they strike, almost bewilder the imagination! Since the marbles of the Parthenon were placed in the Museum, we have made no acquisitions even approaching these in importance; and although they may not compete with those fruitless productions of the golden era of Grecian sculpture in intrinsic beauty and value as works of art, yet have they a kind of interest altogether distinct and peculiar, and not less in degree, though different in kind, from that with which vainly emulative and admiring ages have invested those sublime fragments, the awful Fates and the animated metopes of the Parthenon.

All the associations, whether of persons, places, or events, connected with the Parthenon marbles, stand out in our fancy perspicuous and defined; their origin, date, history, vicissitudes, are perfectly known; nothing is left to be learned or investigated concerning them. The age which produced them was an age of light, compared with that to which we must refer the oldest of the Xanthian remains. When we think of the Parthenon we think of Phidias—when we think of Phidias we think of Zeuxis, Euripides, Herodotus, Pericles,—perhaps also of Aspasia. Heroes, poets, painters, sculptors, move before us; not dim, not spectral, but clear and bright and defined, like a procession of figures in those marble bas-reliefs. We are as familiar with the former locality of these works as if we had dwelt beside them; the Acropolis of Athens is a picture in the mind's eye, fixed there since infancy: but the land from which these Xanthian Marbles come to us is comparatively an unknown land—a far off, alien shore—a land of poetic dreams. Its princes are shadowy demi-gods; its people—we know not even by what name to call them; their history is poetry—their poetry history; their annals must be sought in Homer and Herodotus; and nothing is more strange and interesting in these fragments than their connexion with the tales and traditions of the old fathers of poetry and history,—more nearly allied in truth than the insolence of modern scepticism has deemed them allied in fiction. Here art, and poetry, and history, mutually illustrate each other: obscure words are interpreted through defined forms; mysterious shapes become intelligible memorials, illuminated by the old Greek song; events and personages, which had become dim, hypothetical existences, here start into forms instinct with significance and life.

What a region was all that southern shore of Asia Minor! How the imagination kindles with enthusiasm and dilates with wonder when we think of it! A land swarming with populous cities, so that in a single day's journey one might count the ruined sites of twenty; a land of wondrous beauty and fertility,—of countless rivers flowing to the sea, through valleys studded with temple-like trophies in honour of forgotten deities, and tombs of the nameless dead rising like towers against the sky! everywhere the traces of a people equally remarkable for their acquaintance with all the softer elegancies of life, and their unconquerable spirit of independence;—with whom, as with all the Hellenic tribes, however and wherever dispersed, the love of freedom and the love of beauty went ever hand in hand. Here was the scene, if not the birth-place, of those wild, but really profound myths, in which the seeds of old shadowed forth the influences and aspects of nature, and the impulses of sentient life, until the stars and seasons of the firmament and the passions and powers of humanity became, in the creative fancy of the poets, fair existences, and, through the operations of divine art, fixed and lovely shapes. Here reigned Belerophon, who slew the Chimæra, and Sarpedon, who was borne by Sleep and Death from the battle plain of Troy to his tomb on the banks of the Xanthus. Hither Latona, flying from Delos, brought her

heavenly offspring to bathe them in the sacred river. Here dwelt the Amazons. Here successive nations struggled for the possession of the loveliest and fruit-fullest land under the sun, and left, for the wonder and admiration of future ages, vestiges of their power, their arts, their worship:—but like their opposite neighbours, the Egyptians, and unlike their European progenitors, the Greeks, the grandest, most beautiful, most enduring memorials they have left behind them, are not the dwellings appointed for their gods, but the dwellings appointed for their dead.

And now that these most extraordinary relics lie around us, unarranged as yet—as yet but half-explained, half understood—but gathered together within the walls which are to contain them, as long as England remains a nation—it seems a fitting time to take a rapid view of the entire collection; leaving to deep-read scholars and antiquaries the discussion of those conflicting theories and interpretations of which they are already the subject, in France and Germany, as well as in England, but borrowing, without scruple, from all available authorities, whether English or foreign, as we go along.

The Xanthian marbles, as they are properly denominated, (for all are from the city of Xanthus, though illustrated by drawings and casts from the neighbouring cities of Tios, Telmessus, Pinara, Myra, Cadyanda,) may be considered under four classes. 1. The earliest works, *Greco-Lycian*, we may term them for the present, for want of a better designation; 2. the *Greco-Persian*, as combining Grecian workmanship with Persian story; 3. the *Greco-Roman*; 4. the Byzantine and early Christian relics; and to these may be added a fifth division, consisting of a series of drawings and plans prepared under the direction of Mr. Fellows, representing the localities whence the marbles have been brought, and their appearance on the original sites;—the characteristic scenery; views of the objects left behind, which it has not been found possible or expedient to remove; copies of inscriptions, and a collection of coins of the confederated cities of Lycia; forming altogether a most beautiful and complete series of illustrations, which are to be placed in the British Museum; and so placed, we hope, as to be rendered generally and easily accessible.

1. The most important of the relics which may be included in the first class, the earliest in point of date and the most valuable in the eyes of the antiquary, are four stupendous tombs or monuments. Two of the *stele*, or pillar form, (a high square column with a hollow chamber or sarcophagus at top, and a flat projecting cover) which, from the most conspicuous of their sculptured ornaments, have been styled the Lion tomb, and the Harpy tomb; and two of that form, which Mr. Fellows has denominated *gothic-shaped*, consisting of a lofty square pedestal of three stories, the lowest hollow, the next solid, and the third hollow, with a vaulted top or cover, surmounted by an upright ridge, forming at each end a sort of arch, like the pointed gothic in shape. The cover and sides of these peculiar shaped tombs being sometimes plain, sometimes covered with inscriptions or sculpture. Those brought away are the only highly ornamented specimens which have been found, and, from the sculptured subjects, have been denominated, by Mr. Fellows, the *Chimæra tomb* and the *Winged-Chariot tomb*.

The most ancient of the *stele* or square pillar-shaped tombs—perhaps the oldest of all the sculptured specimens brought over—is the Lion tomb, just arrived, and which is singularly interesting and remarkable, as linking these Xanthian remains with known examples of Babylonian and Persepolitan art, thus affording indirect evidence of the oriental origin of the early people of this country. The two lions crouching down, and with an extraordinary expression, are quite Persepolitan; and the figures at the end exhibit the group of the man, with a sort of Egyptian peruke, wrestling with and slaying the upright lion, a mythological or astronomical emblem, continually repeated in the Persian and Babylonian relics. These extraordinary slabs of marble, which formed the chamber at the top of the *stele*, have been engraved in Mr. Fellows's ‘*Lycia*.’

The frieze which surrounds the top of the Harpy tomb was one of the first brought here, and it has been placed in the Museum since April 1842. There is a small wooden model of the whole tomb, as it

stood on the original site, placed near it, so that the form, as well as the external ornaments of this extraordinary relic, have become familiar to the most uninformed of the visitors to the Museum; it stood, as Mr. Fellows has described it, on the brow of the Acropolis of Xanthus, and consisted of a square shaft in one huge block, about seventeen feet in height, weighing about eighty tons; upon the top of this shaft was a hollow chamber for the dead, surrounded by the bas-reliefs in white marble, three feet six inches high. Upon these rested the square projecting cover or capstone, weighing from fifteen to twenty tons. The bas-reliefs of this monument are in a style of art of which but one other example exists in Europe, a celebrated marble now in the Villa Albani, and quoted by Winkelmann, as the most ancient specimen of Greek sculpture known in the world. Mr. Fellows procured a cast from this marble when he was at Rome last spring, and this being now placed near the Xanthian bas-relief, the immediate comparison leaves no doubt of the identity of age and style.

At each end of the north and south sides of this frieze is a harpy, flying outwards, and holding in her talons a draped female figure; below one harpy is seen a fifth female, kneeling, and covering her face with her hands. That these represent the old Homeric legend of the daughters of King Pandarus, (an interpretation first suggested by Mr. B. Gibson at Rome,) seems now generally admitted. "Pandarus of Crete steals the living golden dog, fabricated by Vulcan, from the temple of Jupiter. The father of the gods avenges this theft by the destruction of Pandarus, whose orphan daughters are brought up by the goddesses. Venus nourishes them with honey and wine; Juno endows them with beauty and intellect; Diana gives them tallness of stature; Minerva teaches them to sew and to weave. When they are of a proper age Venus is about to bestow husbands on them; but Jupiter, whose vengeance is not yet satisfied, sends the harpies, by whom they are snatched away and carried into Tartarus."

Thus the story is related by Penelope in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*.

That this catastrophe is aptly significant of death, and therefore a fit ornament for a funeral monument, seems clear: King Pandarus having been deified and worshipped in the valley of the Xanthus, gives it a peculiar interest and propriety when found decorating a Xanthian tomb. To interpret the rest of the sculpture is not so easy. One of the seated figures on the west side is supposed to be Aphrodite, or Venus, and before her the three Graces, closely draped, as they are always represented in early Greek art. Opposite is Hera, or Juno, also on her throne; and before her the cow and her calf, emblematical of Io and her son. Authorities not having agreed as to the significance of the sculptures on the other three sides, we shall defer all consideration of them for the present. It is evident that colour has been used in every part, some trace of which remained when found. All the blocks forming this monument have been brought away, and there is some idea of reconstructing the whole as it stood when found, and setting it up in the Museum. We should be inclined to object strongly to such a plan, with regard to this particular monument. Its highest value and importance is derived from the very peculiar style of the sculpture, which, at twenty feet above the eye within the walls of a gloomy Museum, would be out of the reach of examination: we say gloomy comparatively, for how would it be possible to reproduce the effect of the same sculpture when seen, in the open air, under the brilliant skies of Lycia? A model, on a small scale, but larger than the one now exhibited with it, would convey an idea of the form and construction; and for many reasons, we hope this plan will be abandoned.

The same objections do not apply to the plan of reconstructing the other two tombs, which we are now to describe, wholly different in form, of larger dimensions, the sculpture more salient, and in a less peculiar style. These also we owe to the last expedition.

The Chimera tomb seems to refer to the story of Bellerophon. On one side of the arched top is a chariot drawn by four spirited horses, urged on by a warrior in a helmet, and a charioteer in a Phrygian cap. They are advancing against the Chimera, a lioness, with the hinder parts of a goat and a dragon,

who seems to retire before them. The other side of the arch is very similar, except that under the feet of the trampling steeds, there is a panther instead of the chimera. Along the narrow upright ridge, about 1 foot 8 inches in width, which surmounts the arched cover, runs a bas relief, representing on one side a battle, on the other a funeral procession. This tomb had been overthrown by an earthquake; the cover was found at the foot of the base, and no other sculpture than that on the vaulted lid was found near it.

Of still greater interest and beauty is the Winged-Chariot tomb. On each side of the arched cover is a chariot with winged wheels, drawn by four horses, and bearing an armed hero and a charioteer; along the upright ridge at top runs a bas relief, representing on one side warriors crossing a river or sea; on the other, a chase. The shaft or middle part, a solid mass of rock, is sculptured in imitation of wood work, as if constructed of beams. This rests on a base or pedestal, round which runs a frieze in bas-relief, about four feet wide. The principal figure, on the east side, is a Satrap seated on a throne, and habited exactly like Darius, in the Pompeian mosaic of the Battle of Arbela, with the hood drawn over his head, and covering his chin; figures of councillors or captives are before him. The same personage is seen on the other side armed in the Persian manner, and doing battle; his name, PAIAFA, is inscribed over his head. At each end are two figures very majestic and graceful in design. One of these groups, a figure draped, who stands in act to crown or to create another, is repeated in the rock tombs, and seems to signify a kind of apotheosis of the dead. In interest, singularity, and in beauty of workmanship, this stupendous monument is equal to the Harpy tomb; but the style of art is wholly different, more free and animated, vigorous, and full of action; while the figures on the Harpy tomb resemble, in the straight, stiff drapery and formal treatment, the earliest Etruscan.

But what is most strange and unique in these enormous sepulchres, (architectural masses of rock and stone, twenty or thirty feet high,) is, that in the external form they are imitative of wooden constructions, and carved to represent logs square and round, beam ends, ties, mortices, panels,—in short, they remind one of nothing so much as of enormous wooden chests or cabinets. In this respect they are quite peculiar to the Lycian people, and without any parallel in those specimens of monumental architecture of the Indians, Egyptians, Etruscans, and Greeks, which are known to us; independent, as it should seem, of any of the orders of architecture, if not prior to their invention, but as symmetrical and elegant as they are singular. The same peculiarity of the imitation of primitive wooden structures is carried into the excavated rock tombs, which abound in the other Lycian cities, particularly near Telmessus and Pinara. From one point (at Pinara), which is represented in one of the drawings, fifteen hundred of these excavations have been counted; the cliffs, to use Mr. Fellows's expression, are literally *honeycombed* with these singular receptacles, all carved out, and richly decorated with bas-reliefs, some of which are painted in vivid colours. Casts from many of these have been brought home in the last expedition; accurate drawings, coloured on the spot, from others. These, we presume, will also be placed in the Museum; and these only can convey a just idea of works so wonderful and elaborate, that the least of them must have required years of labour.

To the same period, and to the same people, belong the sculptured slabs and fragments of friezes which were found built into the Roman walls. A spirited procession of chariots—having the appearance of a triumph—the horses harnessed and dressed in the Persian, not the Greek fashion, and four beautiful winged sphinxes appear to have adorned a tomb similar to that of the satrap PAIAFA, and which having been destroyed and flung down ages ago, has served for material for ramparts. Another relic, apparently coeval with the above, also found embedded in the old walls, is the frieze of wild animals, the bear, the deer, the lion attacking the stag, the satyr creeping along the ground; and a narrower frieze representing fowls and fighting cocks, full of life and spirit, though somewhat coarse in execution.

The monuments we have just described, whether detached erections, or excavations, or sculptured fragments, are supposed to be the remains of a people

whom we call the Xanthians or Lycians, and who called themselves the *Tramila*, and are so styled by Herodotus; a people of Scythian origin, intermingled with the Cretan colonists. The inscriptions are in a language and character, which we call Lycian, a language distinct from Greek, and which philologists suppose to be a dialect of the Indo-Germanic or Scythian. On some of the sculptured tombs, bilingual or duplicate inscriptions have been found, in this tongue and in the Greek—most invaluable to antiquarians. The most remarkable of the inscribed stones, is a stele thirteen feet high, of which the sculpture at top and capstone, if such there were, are lost. The shaft is covered on every side with a long inscription in the Lycian character, of which exact casts have been taken and copies dispersed through the learned societies of Europe, but as yet it has not been wholly deciphered.

2. To the second class of these fragments, which we have ventured to call the Greco-Persian, belong a mass of ruins, friezes, pediments, mutilated statues, found together in the Greek city, to the south-east of the ancient Acropolis; they appear to have been shattered and overthrown by an earthquake, and flung down the steep declivity, and this catastrophe must have taken place at a period posterior in date to the comparatively modern edifices, overwhelmed by or in the fall, and lying buried beneath them. Amongst these ruins were found the two friezes, now arranged on the north and south sides of the Phigalium Room in the British Museum: the larger one, about three feet four inches in depth, consists of twelve large slabs of Parian marble, brought home in 1842, and four more just arrived, making in all sixteen. These represent a furious and animated combat, evidently between Greeks and Persians, and the Persians are as evidently the victorious party. The grouping and arrangement are very animated, the relief bold and salient; the style of art, though not first-rate, extremely good. We see here Persians, who have struck down Greek warriors, and deadly contests between warriors all habited in the Greek fashion; hence we must infer, that in this combat, whatever the cause, whosoever the scene, the Persians were assisted by Greek allies against Greeks, and were victorious over Greeks.

The narrow frieze, about two feet in width, is in a style of art similar to or contemporary with the last, but even more curious and interesting in point of subject. It represents the siege of a fortified town; a crowd of people are seen entreating refuge within the walls, while a warrior peeping over the battlements, looks as if much inclined to question their right of entry,—in fact, so comically animated is the expression in this diminutive figure, that he actually seems to be shaking his head at them: then there is the sally, the assault; and in the centre of one side a chief in Persian attire seated under an umbrella, while captive chiefs of the city are pleading before him.

Notwithstanding the small proportions of this frieze, it is full of vigour and spirit, both in conception and execution, and the story is admirably told. Amid the same mass of ruins were found two lions, admirably sculptured, but broken into fragments; these have been brought over, and can be restored. Also statues of nymphs and goddesses with light drapery, blown out by the wind; fragments of fluted Ionic columns, and large portions of a double egg-and-tongue cornice.

The two friezes, and numerous fragments of the statues and columns, have been placed in the British Museum since last year; the portions undiscovered or left behind in former expeditions, have now arrived, and the work of restoration, as far as the sculpture is concerned, has been confided to Mr. Westmacott.

It is the opinion of Mr. Fellows, after a minute and careful inspection of these blocks, friezes, cornices, columns, statues—all found on or near one particular spot, and differing in style of art from all the other remains, that they, in a manner, reconstruct themselves into one magnificent edifice of the Ionic order, but whether tomb or trophy, does not seem clear. This supposed reconstruction is so extremely plausible and ingenious, and involves so many important considerations, both in an historical and artistic point of view, that we must for the present reserve it for a future and separate essay. We have seen a sketch of it, intended, we believe,

to form one of the series of architectural illustrations to be placed in the British Museum, and, ere long, we may, perhaps, be allowed to place it, with some observations, before the readers of the

Athenæum. Of its correctness architects and antiquarians must judge, and it will probably cause much discussion. Of its beauty, and of its analogy in point of form and style, with other monuments existing in the country, though not in the immediate neighbourhood, there can be no doubt whatever. Of this more hereafter. Meantime, as to the purport of the sculptural part of these remains, the friezes already described, it seems generally agreed that they relate to the history of Harpagus, and that it is the old Satrap himself who is represented in the narrower frieze, enthroned under the umbrella, and dealing judgment on the captives. This will be better understood by a rapid glance at the story, as told in Herodotus. Astyages, King of Persia, having been warned in a dream that his infant grandson, Cyrus, would deprive him of his kingdom, commanded Harpagus to destroy the child. Harpagus, struck with pity, disobeyed the order, and only exposed it: on learning this, Astyages ordered the son of Harpagus to be slain and served up at the table of his parent, afterwards informing him that he had feasted on the body of his son. Harpagus vowed against the tyrant a deep and deadly vengeance, and twelve years afterwards assisted Cyrus to mount his grandfather's throne. After this we find Harpagus in great favour with Cyrus, and among his recorded actions we have the conquest of Lycia, and the siege and capture of the city of Xanthus. It appears that these events took place about 559 years before the Christian era; that Harpagus was assisted by a body of Ionian and Eolian mercenaries, (which exactly tallies with the representation on the two friezes); and that the Xanthians on this occasion, disdaining to yield, put to death their wives and children, and were massacred within the walls of their town. In the opinion of Mr. Fellows, the whole edifice was either a trophy erected at a later period to commemorate this event, or a mausoleum to the honour of the Greek warriors who fought on the side of the Persians. Unfortunately, no inscription has been found, though diligently sought for. The subject is a Persian conquest, the style and the workmanship pure Greek: these two points are certain; the rest is conjecture, which future researches may either confirm or refute.

To this class of fragments of Greek art also belong the small friezes representing funeral subjects; a procession bearing presents, and a chase, very spirited in design and treatment, but rather unfinished in style of execution. These are in the British Museum.

3. The third class of fragments are those referable to the time of the Roman dominion. Lycia, as our readers need hardly be reminded, became a Roman province, under Claudius. The relics of this period are not very valuable; those which have been brought away are the two metopes and Triglyphs, from the triumphal arch or gateway, inscribed with the name of Vespasian, and some illustrative drawings representing baths, mosaic pavements, sarcophagi, &c., besides numerous coins and inscriptions. It was in clearing away the rubbish which choked up the arch of Vespasian, that they came to a part of the old Cycloplan walls, and found thereon an inscription in honour of Glaucus and Sarpedon, carrying the imagination back to Homer and the mingling streams of poetry and history.

Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Why on those shores are we with joy surveyed,
Admired as heroes and as gods obeyed,
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous power above?

Iliad, B. xii.

How vulgar are all the Roman associations in comparison to those exquisite Greek legends through which humanity was deified!

4. Of the fourth class—the Byzantine or early Christian remains—there were found in Xanthus the ruins of several large churches, convents, and chapels, constructed, as in Italy, out of the ruins of Pagan grandeur. The fortifications of the city date from this period, and a great part of the sculptures recently brought away were found built into the ramparts, as well as into the walls of common dwellings—evidence that here, as elsewhere, the tide of devastating barbarism was succeeded by a state of be-

numbed ignorance and bigotry. Crosses of various forms, and other Christian emblems and monograms, were found; and specimens of these, and of iron-work, pottery ware with the Rhodian stamp, fragments of glass, &c. have been brought away; thus completing the series of remains illustrating the religion, history, and arts of the Lycian cities from the earliest to the latest period of their existence, through a space of about a thousand years.

It remains to mention the series of illustrative drawings which have been executed by Mr. George Scharf, the artist who accompanied Mr. Fellows in the two last expeditions. And first, there is a large panoramic view of the whole valley of the Xanthus, taken from the Acropolis, representing accurately the exact locality of the various relics since removed, the situations and elevations of the principal monuments, the Harpy tomb, Lion tomb, Winged-Chariot tomb, &c.; the manner in which the Greek fragments lay together; the river flowing to the sea; the surrounding hills, and the distant snow-capped summits of Mount Crægus bounding the prospect. Other drawings are executed in a light yet firm and effective style, on tinted paper relieved with white. These represent the grand old tombs (already described) as they originally stood, and of others still standing; views of the Rock tombs; of the scenery round, intermingled with figures of the present inhabitants, and groups exhibiting the picturesque operations of the excavators; and other subjects of interest.

To look from these beautiful drawings to the sculptured marbles as they *now* lie in the dark vaults where their beauty is hidden in gloom; or scattered about in the court-yards among vulgar modern rubbish, brick and plaster,—or, as we last saw them, with the fog and rain of our chill climate beating on them,—does certainly awaken a melancholy feeling; and, as we look around us, half in awe, and half in pity, the thought flashes across us—"Have we done well to bring these fair monumental forms away from their own bright land? to dig them up where they rested amid olive groves and cypresses, and flowery bushes which veiled decay with beauty? to pull them down, where they stood up in the blue air against the shining sky, upon heights clothed with living verdure,—to exhibit to vulgar stargers their mutilated grandeur, or build up again their giant fragments, in our gloomy air, in our confined halls? O beauty! O death! O memory! is not this desecration? is not this profanation?"—and a true voice within us answers "No, it is not; but rather a new hallowing of the sacred old. We have taken them from the silence and the oblivion of the ignorant desert, and we shall place them where intelligence and thought, and enthusiasm, and admiration, and wonder, shall throw round them a glory beyond the glory of their own beauty, and envelope them in an atmosphere of light, brighter than that of the sun-illuminated solitudes whence they came!"

A. J.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE production of Prints seems to have ceased altogether; and Line Engraving bids fair to become a lost art. With the exception of the usual additions to the long list of puppies and other pets, painted by Edwin Landseer—who, we are glad to hear, has determined (we hope doggedly) to immortalize no more pampered poodles and sleek spaniels—there has not appeared a single plate of mark for months past. Coronations, Royal Marriages, Waterloo Banquets, and other *ad captandum* furniture pictures, whose value is estimated according to the number of portraits they contain of royal and noble personages, are not to be taken into account: they are but the last fruits of a system that has had its day, and produced the natural re-action consequent on forcing a trade, in articles of taste, on principles that only answer when the salesmen can shut the shop door in the faces of their dupes with the certainty of never seeing them again; when unsuspecting persons, in the fervour of admiration at the first sight of a showy painting, are induced to subscribe their names in testimony of their approval, and discover to their cost some two or three years afterwards that they have unconsciously signed a note of hand for the payment of five, ten, or twenty guineas, as the case may be, on the delivery of a large engraving. The practice of subscribing for an engraving, from merely

seeing the picture, without the option of declining to take the print if it should disappoint expectation, and in ignorance of the merits, or often even the name of the engraver by whom it is to be executed, is only to be explained by the hypothesis of lunarian influence.

Mr. C. G. Lewis's mezzotint of the *Queen's Pets*—the title of Mr. Landseer's picture of the Macaw, Love-birds, Scotch terrier, and Spaniel,—which *Punch* has so happily converted to the purpose of political satire—is remarkable for its artistic feeling and effect: the difference of texture between the rough coat of the wiry terrier, the silken spaniel, and the plumage of the macaw is admirably discriminated; and the characteristic expression of the birds and dogs is preserved with animated fidelity; but in the best engravings of such subjects, the principal charm of the picture, the touch of the painter, is lost.

A Series of Compositions from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, by Joseph Noel Paton, are graceful designs of figures in picturesque outline; but they neither tell the story of the mythos itself, nor embody the sublime spirit of the dramatic poem. Mr. Paton's style, though not deficient in elegance, has not vigour and fire enough to express the vehement intensity of action and suffering which the subjects demand; nor are they suited to outline: effects of colour and chiaroscuro are required to shadow forth the unearthly imaginings of Shelley. It may be urged, that Flaxman, in his illustrations of Dante, has shown that outline of the severest kind may be made suggestive of vague and visionary forms and strong effects; but the great sculptor thought in marble, and the conceptions of his classic genius took the shape of rudimental ideas to be expressed in that cold and rigid material: the inadequacy of the medium thus became a source of power, as the imperfection of a pen sketch renders its lines more suggestive. Mr. Paton's outlines would be improved by shade and colour, and seem to want that completion; Flaxman's would have been deteriorated by the addition of a single touch.

Mr. Selous has produced a fresh set of designs in outline, illustrative of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which have been published with an edition of the text, edited by Messrs. Godwin and Pocock, the honorary secretaries of the Art-Union of London, and corresponding, in size and style, with the set of outlines, distributed to the subscribers to that picture lottery. These new designs by Mr. Selous are characterized by similar merits and defects to those that we remarked in the first series: they have more of German than English nature, being imitative of Retsch in style; and are remarkable for a theatrical air. Devoid of character and dramatic expression, they possess no other interest than consists in an expert drawing of the figure, tasteful disposition of costumes, skilful grouping, and a neat and effective management of outline. These are good qualities in a work of art, which we by no means undervalue; and had they been united with a conception of the subjects in accordance with the genius of the author, and a true feeling for, and understanding of, the spirit of his book, they would have been indeed worthy of universal acceptance. As it is, it is impossible not to be struck with the disregard, and even contradiction, of the sentiment and character of Bunyan's allegory in every single design: Mr. Selous has sacrificed his noble theme to the reminiscences and conventionalities of a facile draughtsman, who is content to aim at picturesque neatness and artificial elegance: and who is more adroit at imitating the mannerisms of art, than in seizing the characteristics of nature. The little woodcuts that embellish the text are likewise Anglo-German in style, and deficient in earnestness and originality, though cleverly drawn and nicely engraved.

The fine examples of Pointed Architecture with which this country abounds, have once more become objects of scientific study and enlightened veneration; and the press teems with works illustrating their beauties, and expounding the principles of their construction. A provincial publisher, Mr. Sunter, of York, has commenced a work on a magnificent scale, illustrative of the *Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire*, of which the second Part has just appeared after a long interval since the publication of the first; arrangements have, however, been made to continue the works by quarterly Parts. The views represent the

abbeys of Whitby, Kirkstall, St. Mary's, York, and Rievaulx, in their present ruined condition; but they differ from preceding sketches, in expressing the architectural characteristics of the venerable piles with technical accuracy; though not to the sacrifice of picturesque effect. The drawings have been made by Mr. W. Richardson, an architect by profession, whose pictorial skill and taste, as a draughtsman, is adequate to the producing of pleasing effects; and the lithographer, Mr. G. Hawkins, has executed his share of the work with a degree of finish and mastery of the lithographic material almost equal to Mr. Haghe, to whose school he belongs. The style is cold in its exactness; and the contrast of the stone to the verdure and foliage, is not sufficiently marked; the ruins, however, stand out in bold relief, and have a look of solidity, that gives air to the distance, and is aided by breadth of effect. The work is rendered valuable to the architectural student by plans and details of construction and ornament; and an 'Introduction,' and historical notices, by the Rev. Mr. Churton, though too strongly tinged by the monastic spirit, strike a solemn chord that will find responses in many breasts.

Another publication of more lofty and comprehensive title, though of smaller size and less pretension, entitled the *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Great Britain, from the Conquest to the Reformation* (but limited to such country churches as are best adapted, by their simplicity and beauty of form, as models for study and imitation) has been commenced by Messrs. Bowman and Hadfield, architects. The first part is devoted to Norbury Church, Derbyshire, of which a succinct description is given, and two or three pretty little perspective views, with geometrical elevations, and coloured drawings of the painted windows, very nicely executed in lithography by Standridge.

Parts XVIII. to XXIV. of a nearly complete set of *Illustrations of the History of the Metropolitan Church of St. Peter, York*, by Mr. John Browne, contain etchings by the author and his son, of the quaintly-carved bosses, pendants, corbel-heads, crockets, and finials, that enrich York Cathedral, and coloured plates of fragments of the stained glass windows. This work appears to have found considerable encouragement—evidence of the interest which the subjects excite, rather than of the artistic beauty of the plates, which are deficient in sculptural character. Mr. Browne writes artist after his name; he certainly has not had architectural training, nor can we accord to his etchings any higher merit than labour and pains. What may be the value of Halfpenny's Gothic Ornaments of York Cathedral, the want of which Mr. Browne's work was intended to supply, we know not; we can only say that the latter will not bear comparison with Pugin's Gothic Ornaments.

A few words will enable us to recommend, though somewhat late in the day, Mr. Walton's *Amateur's Drawing-Book*. His directions for management of tints, &c., are sensible; and his studies of rural scenery good, though scarcely perhaps sufficiently progressive from what is easy to what is complicated. Now, too, when the gazettes are beginning to speculate on Royal Progresses in contemplation, Messrs. Condy and Haghe's *Four Views of the Royal Steam Yacht, Victoria and Albert*, may be opportunely mentioned. It is becoming almost a matter of course, to say that these lithographs with tinted lights, are well executed—so general has been the advance in this branch of art. What a progress since the rough specimens (among the first produced) which appeared in Forbes's 'Oriental Memoirs'! As marine subjects, too, these views deserve a place in a portfolio, not all reserved for Vanderveldes and Backhuysens. One line more will suffice to announce the continuation of Mrs. Loudon's *Ladies' Flower Garden*, and of Messrs. Humphrey's and Westwood's *British Moths and their Transformations*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SADLER'S WELLS.—Wednesday evening Mr. S. Knowles's alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid's Tragedy,' under the name of 'The Bridal,' was revived, with elaborate decoration, at this theatre, Mrs. Warner taking her original part of *Eodine*, and Mr. Phelps that of *Melantius*, originally sustained by

Mr. Macrendy. This character requires great physical energy, emphatic elocution, rapid action, and vehement passion; in all these points Mr. Phelps much exceeded our expectations. We have before stated our objections to this drama (No. 505 and 509), and, therefore, need not repeat them on the present occasion. They would, however, go deep and wide enough, if they were pressed home to their inmost results. We see here exemplified the great distinction between the Shakesperian and most other dramas, particularly of the authors before us; how much in the great poet is dependent on moral influence, and in the inferior playwright, what "supreme dominion" is given to physical excitement. The acting which we have witnessed in this play (and both on the present and former occasions it was excellent) serves to bring out the theatrical points distinctly, and thus to place them in strong contrast with the more dramatic effects. Our old drama is passing rich; but, if it is to be resuscitated, the utmost discrimination will be necessary.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Aug. 12.—Nearly all the communications were on subjects of medicine and chemistry.

The Burns Family.—We insert the following letter at the request of Mr. Chambers, though we know not the publication referred to.

Edinburgh, August 20, 1844.

Perhaps you would spare a corner of your paper to enable me to correct an injustice which was last week committed by a popular publication against the sons of Burns, with reference to the subscription made about two years ago in behalf of Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister. As the person who has had the best means of knowing, I can say that these gentlemen were at no time to blame on account of their act. The eldest has ever been in the experience of the *res angustæ domi* himself. The two who have been so long in India were deceived—I must say how—as to the circumstances of Mrs. Begg; but these were no sooner explained to them, than they acted a part towards her which, it may be sufficient to say, seemed to me entirely worthy of their parentage, and was felt by all to whom I described it as perfectly satisfactory. It is solely my cordial sense of the honourable feelings of these two men which induces me now spontaneously to come before the public for their vindication.

I AM, &c. R. CHAMBERS.

Carbonate of Soda in the Preparation of Coffee.—M. Pleischel states from experience, that the infusion of roasted coffee acquires a far superior taste, and is rendered more concentrated, consequently that a much larger amount of beverage can be prepared from the same quantity of coffee, by adding to the boiling water, just before pouring it over the coffee, 1 gr. of crystallized carbonate of soda for every cup, or 24 grs. for every half ounce of coffee.—*Med. Jahrb. des Oestr. St., in Gardeners' Chronicle*.

Antidote for Prussic Acid.—Some recent experiments made by Messrs. T. and H. Smith, of Edinburgh, with a view to discover an antidote for prussic acid, have been brought to a successful termination. The sulphate of iron, commonly called green vitriol, was lately stated by Sir G. Lefevre, to be an antidote to this poison. It is not so, as the Messrs. Smith showed in reply. However, the presentation of oxidized iron to the deadly acid, is in reality the fundamental feature of their own discovery. Only it was necessary to find out, how to present it to the acid in the shape in which the acid will combine with it. The iron, as the late experiments demonstrate, must be in a state partly of peroxide, and partly of protoxide, when combined with which, only, will the acid form the desired compound, a compound well known as Prussian blue, which is perfectly harmless in the stomach. It was the observation, that, in that salt, the iron was peculiarly and doubly oxidized, which while showing the uselessness of common sulphate of iron, suggested the formation of another combination of the sulphuric acid with the oxidized metal, which might take up the prussic acid, and form Prussian blue. The accomplishment of this combination constitutes the antidote. The prussic acid is turned in the stomach into Prussian blue; there an inert harmless body.—*Scotsman*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B. C.—E. J. C.—J. H.—S. V.—W. D.

A British Naturalist.—received.
Mr. Dennison writes to us that he has (ante, p. 732) represented him as assuming what he says he has proved. We find that we have fairly represented the page from which we quoted; but we also find, further on, a proof, as Mr. Dennison calls it, on which we can only say that it proceeds upon an assumption which itself wants proof. Mr. Dennison had better read Newton's 'Principia.'

KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME.

THE CHINESE. This, by J. F. DAVIS, Esq. F.R.S. Governor of Hong-Kong. A new edition, revised and enlarged. Vol. II. London: Charles Knight & Co. 22, Ludgate-street.

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A Bill for the better Regulation of Medical Practice throughout the United Kingdom.
 Remarks on the New Medical Reform Bill.

TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the PROVINCIAL MEDICAL and SURGICAL ASSOCIATION, held at NORTHAMPTON.
 First Day.—List of Members Present.
 Report of the Council.
 Dr. Hastings' Address.
 Dr. Robertson's Address.
 Schools of Preliminary Education for the Sons of Medical Men.

Essays on Mesmerism.
 The Retrospective Address on Surgery.
 Second Day.—The Public Breakfast.
 Report of the Benevolent Fund.
 Retrospective Address on Medicine.
 The Dinner.

Medical Protection Assembly.
 The Election for Councilors at the College of Surgeons.—
 The Case of Montague Gosset, Esq.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON:—
 First Examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Medicine.
 NEWS OF THE WEEK:—
 General Meeting of the Medical Profession.
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